

JUNE 25c

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# Coronet



**Looking for a  
Better Job?**

*page 37*

**Paradise  
-on \$200 a Month**

*page 44*

# IF IT'S NEW



# IT'S NASH!

That taut, trim, jet-lined look . . .  
that big, *bold* look . . . that Air-  
flyte look . . .

*That's new—and only Nash has it!*

Those seats that are Twin-Bed  
wide . . . the extra head-room . . .  
the curved *undivided* windshield  
. . . the Uniscope, the comfort of  
Weather Eye Conditioned Air . . .  
the *feel* of Cockpit Control . . .

*That's new—and only Nash has it!*

That wonderful Airflyte ride,  
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of a Girder-built Unitized Bod-  
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See your Nash dealer—drive an  
Airflyte—the Nash "600" or  
Nash Ambassador. See the Cust-  
om models that are America's  
most distinguished cars.

*Nash*  
*Airflyte*

**GREAT CARS SINCE 1902**

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation,  
Detroit, Michigan

# "Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Mary Mohr shows how it can work for you, too



**Prom princess...** 21-year-old model Mary Mohr of Jersey City, N. J., brightens many a magazine page with a smile her beaux can't resist! Yes, Mary follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth—"because dentists say it works." Her *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too...



**The Ipana way is easy!** 1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula helps stimulate your gums; refreshes mouth and breath, too.) Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage.

**YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY...**



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana dental care promotes

**Healthier gums, brighter teeth\***

\*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country

# CHEVROLET



The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan  
White Sidewall tires optional at extra cost

You'll prefer Chevrolet in every way—

*it's the most Beautiful* **BUY** *of all!*

Yes, you'll prefer Chevrolet in *every* way, for it brings you a rare combination of *all* the fine qualities you want in a motor car, at the *lowest prices* and with outstanding economy of operation and upkeep.

That's why men and women in every city, town and state in America are calling this car *the most beautiful buy of all* for styling and stamina, for roominess and

riding ease, for dependability and driving ease, and for all-around performance with economy, as well as for all-around safety.

Follow your own motor car judgment—and America's motor car judgment, as well—and visit the showroom of your nearest Chevrolet dealer. See the wonderful new motor cars he has on display, and we believe that you, too, will soon be calling them *the most beautiful buy of all*.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation  
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



CORONET



# Coronet

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DAVID A. SMART  
**Editor:**  
GORDON CARROLL

**Editorial Director:**  
FRITZ BAMBERGER

**Associate Editors:**  
JAMES POLINSBEE  
BERNARD L. GLASER  
CAROL HUGHES  
ISABELLA JONES  
BEN KARTMAN  
R. B. LUNDAHL  
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CHARLES ROBBINS

**Production Director:**  
GUS BERKES

**Art Director:**  
GEORGE SAMERJAN

**Advertising Director:**  
WILLIAM L. FORT

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## Where Are They Now?



For his heroic sacrifice in the wreck of the Cannonball Express, Casey Jones became America's most famous railroad hero. His name is familiar today to thousands of men and women who still sing the ballad commemorating his bravery.

**H**IGHBALLING through Vaughn, Mississippi, at 80 miles an hour, Engineer Casey Jones saw the freight train too late, and Old No. 382 crashed into the moving tons of wood and steel. His whistle blowing to warn the freight crewmen, Casey disappeared in a holocaust of smoke and flame. Before the hurtling locomotive bore Casey to his death, he ordered fireman Sim Webb to jump clear.

Today, Sim Webb, who survived the Cannonball Express disaster, is still living the legend of Casey Jones after 49 years. For, from January 1, 1900, until the fatal wreck on April 30, Webb worked beside the famous engineer.

Now a bricklayer in Memphis, Tennessee, 74-year-old Webb has told his story to eight grandchildren, but to him it never grows old.

# Admiral gives you

all three for the price of television alone



AMERICA'S SMART SET



- Magic Mirror Television . . . *with clearest picture of all*
- FM-AM Dynamagic Radio . . . *most compact . . . most powerful*
- "Triple-Play" Phonograph *plays ALL records automatically*

Now . . . from Admiral . . . comes complete home entertainment . . . at the price of many consoles with television alone! **MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION** has big 10 in. direct-view, full vision screen . . . super-powered to give dependable performance even in outlying areas. *Outperforms any set, anywhere, any time.* Specially designed, built-in **TURRET TUNER** . . . originated and first used by Admiral . . . provides complete channel coverage. **"TRIPLE-PLAY" PHONOGRAPH** plays all records (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ , 45 and 78 RPM) . . . all sizes (7, 10 and 12 in.) . . . and all automatically with one tone arm. Special center posts for 7" records extra. **FM-AM DYNAMAGIC RADIO** . . . never before so much power in so compact a chassis! Beautiful modern cabinet with ample record storage. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois.

WALNUT

**\$399<sup>95</sup>**

Plus \$7.50 Fed. tax

Mahogany or blonde slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.

SEE! HEAR! ON NBC TELEVISION! ADMIRAL "BROADWAY REVUE" EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, 8 TO 9 P.M., EST



## Crowning Glories

**T**O AMERICA's hat designers, a new *chapeau* is fashion's crowning glory. From the studios of John

Frederics (*top*), Mr. John, Sally Victor and Lilly Daché (*left to right*) come these tops in toppers for 1949.

*it goes  
on  
and on  
and on  
and on  
and on  
and on...without winding!*

Autowind Airman, \$67.50



# GRUEN AUTOWIND

It's a beauty...it's a wonder...it's the self-winding Gruen Autowind. Your everyday wrist motions automatically wind this watch. No over-wind—no under-wind—no forget-to-wind, with the Gruen Autowind. From \$59.50, including federal tax. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A. In Canada, Toronto, Ont.



**GRUEN**  
THE *Precision* WATCH



## MEMORIAL TO A BOY

WHEN LOU COSTELLO, JR., was drowned on his first birthday, his famous father went through a period of black despair. But an idea to commemorate the son's name turned Lou Costello's sorrow to proud hope—and inspired the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation.

A sprawling three-acre plant that includes a swimming pool and med-

ical clinic, the Foundation in Los Angeles has made 11,000 youngsters happier—and has helped to cut juvenile delinquency.

Costello and his movie partner, Bud Abbott, share most of the \$80,000-a-year cost, calling it their investment in humanity. They have but one requirement: "If they wear ragged clothes, we want 'em."

## LITTLE LULU

Tired  
make-up-



Quick  
take-up!



**LITTLE LULU** SAYS: WHEN YOU UNGILD THE LILY, SOFT KLEENEX<sup>★</sup> TISSUES **EASE OFF** MAKE-UP, GENTLY, ... **SAVE FACE!** JUST ONE OF THE MANY GOOD REASONS WHY KLEENEX IS YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



## Maker of the Pipes

THE ONLY MAN CATERING to America's 5,000 bagpipe players is John Adamson of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. At 82, Adamson has made instruments for bagpipe en-

thusiasts from Ethiopia to San Francisco. Though he can tune the instruments, Adamson has never played a melody. Why? Because he has never learned to play a bagpipe.

# New Improved Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

Have brighter teeth and cleaner breath in just 7 days—or Double Your Money Back!

## WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up — it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there — you have FILM!



## Now Faster Foaming! Make this 7-Day Pepsodent test!

Use new improved Pepsodent Tooth Paste with Irium for one week. If your teeth aren't far brighter, your breath fresher—we'll return twice what you paid!

No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the *cause* of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

## DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Use New Pepsodent for 7 days. If you're not more than satisfied, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Div. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill.—and receive double your money back, plus postage. Offer expires Aug. 31, 1949.



Another fine product of  
Lever Brothers Company



During rehearsal, Spier edits and polishes his scripts with meticulous care.



*The Adventures of Sam Spade* and *Suspense* are two of his airwave triumphs.



Still in his early forties, Spier has 20 years of top radio programs behind him.



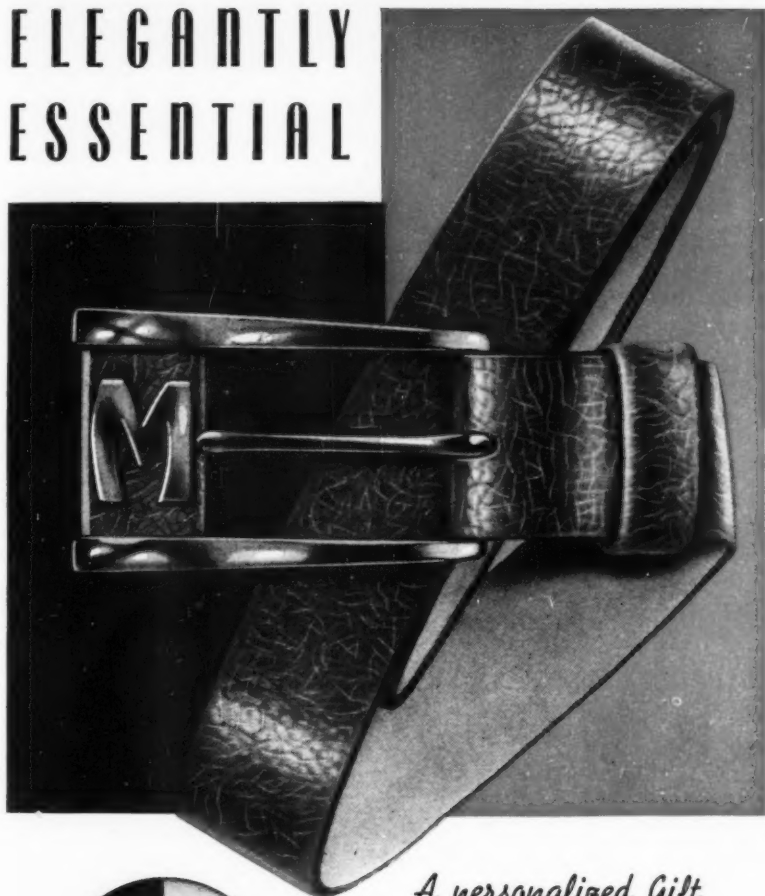
Throughout the program, Spier's hands eloquently express the moment's mood.

## MAESTRO AT THE MIKE

**S**PINE-TINGLING suspense is the hallmark of a William Spier radio production from Hollywood. Director of the Philip Morris Playhouse, Spier is famous for his break with movie-colony traditions. On

his programs, top stars perform at modest fees. Scripts are never tailored to fit them—dramatic impact is the sole criterion. With such innovation, Spier has earned the title "maestro at the mike."

# ELEGANTLY ESSENTIAL



## *A personalized Gift for Father's Day*

A superbly styled "Paris"\* Belt with Dad's own monogram is a perfect gift for an important occasion. It's stylecrafted of supple imported pigskin in an exclusive laminated construction. Finished with a leather inlaid buckle with gold finished initial, this "Paris" Belt is truly a gift of distinction. In genuine pigskin, \$2.50—in pig-grain bridle, \$1.50—the Buckle, \$1—at all fine stores. Other smart "Paris" Belts to \$10.

**PARIS BELTS • "TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS** \*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company  
Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

JUNE, 1949



## Dance of the Dunes

THE SPIRIT of youth is wild and free, seeking new expression to welcome another summer, for the

sheer joy of life. And, to the music of sea and sky, youth dances in the shadow of wind-swept dunes.

# YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO

IF YOU WANT A  
CLEAN SCALP—  
HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

Remember, water is no Hair Tonic. But on the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*—it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on



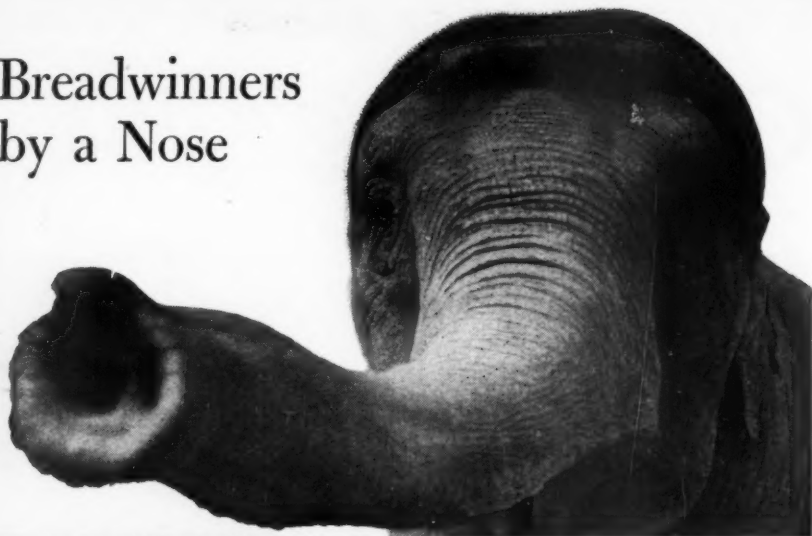
your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling SO CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp and dry hair—to remove dandruff flakes.

*Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type  
hair that attracts*



*A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.*

## Breadwinners by a Nose



WHILE SOCIETY MAY FROWN ON odd table manners, nature imposes no restrictions on her children. Elephants, despite their daily consumption of up to 150 pounds of vegetation, eat delicately. Indian scriptures describe the elephant as the "wild beast with a hand"; its sensitive nostrils can easily distinguish between a crumb of bread and a crumb of soil.

Zoologically, anteaters are distant cousins of the elephant. Their tubular noses are bony prolongations of the skull. Anteaters rip open anthills with their front paws, and lick up thousands of insects with swift thrusts of their sticky tongues.

Platypuses, on the other hand, are cousins to no other mammal on earth. Their duck-like bills are used as spades to dig food. Weighing only a few pounds, platypuses eat gluttonously—often consuming their own weight in worms and insects in a single day.

**HERE COMES fun!**

here comes beauty

here comes value

here come the new

**Motorola®**  
**portables**

This new glamour-baby of personal portables gives you "big set" power and tone all out of proportion to its tiny size. "Aero-Vane" loop antenna brings in stations clear and sharp where other sets often fail. Leather-effect metal case. Choice of black or maroon with bronze-gold trim. Operates on AC/DC or its own long-life batteries. See it—hear it—COMPARE IT! Model 5A9 • **\$3995**

less batteries



**Motorola®**  
**PORTABLES**

Prices slightly higher in South and West.  
Prices subject to change without notice.

A "luxury" radio at a sensible price! Exclusive "dial-in-handle" puts all controls in thumb's reach. Basket-weave, plastic-coated fabric case with aluminum trim. AC/DC or battery operation.

Model 69L11 **\$4995**

less batteries



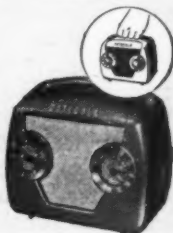
This value-packed portable gives you big power and rich tone on AC/DC or battery operation.

Model 59L12 **\$2995**

less batteries

Model 49L11—As above, except battery operated only. **\$1995**

less batteries



MOTOROLA INC., CHICAGO 51, ILL. • SEE YOUR NEAREST MOTOROLA DEALER

## Where Age Is Youth

**I**N A FORMER C.C.C. camp near Jefferson, Maine, live 200 men who, if they pooled the years of their lives, would arrive at an impressive total of more than 15,000 years for the group.

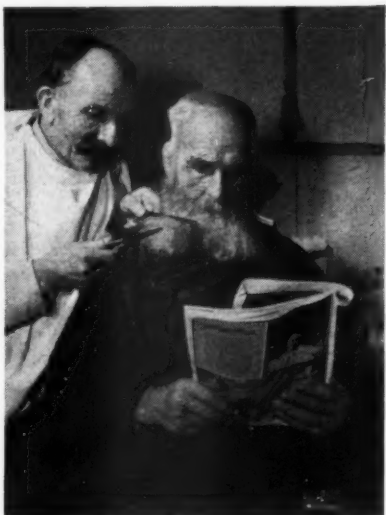
Affectionately known as "Old Man's Town," the community was the inspiration of Charles S. Brown, himself an active 68-year-old, who is Maine's director of General Relief and Pensions. Created for homeless oldsters who had been lodged with private families, the camp was intended only to provide greater freedom, comfort and congenial companionship.

Soon after its inception, however, its inhabitants proved that age is no excuse for idleness. At their request, carpenter, blacksmith and tool shops were opened; a 40-acre garden was cultivated; a herd of more than 50 Hereford cattle was developed, along with a flock of 40 sheep and other livestock. Soon, in the town where no one was required to work, working hours had to be limited to five a day.

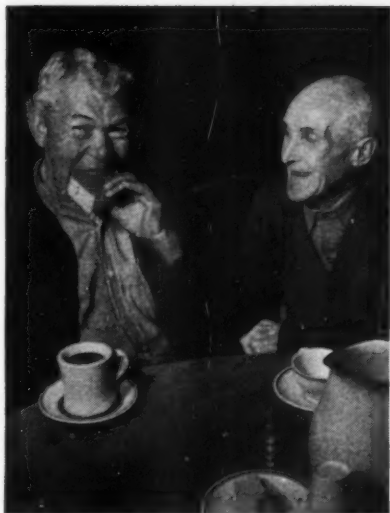
Even more impressive, however, is the independence of these Maine citizens. Although up-to-date hospital facilities are provided, most resist becoming patients. As Mr. Brown, the camp director, puts it: "If you feel indisposed you don't rush off to the hospital. It's much pleasanter to have your buddies bring you breakfast in bed!"



1. Many of the camp's residents were once woodsmen. A keen blade and a clean blow keep woodstocks high.



4. Where age is no excuse, you can't afford to neglect your appearance. Here, your neighbors are critical.



2. Second helpings are the order of the day. Except for staples, the food is almost entirely camp-raised.



3. The competitive spirit is not lost. Horseshoes still offer a challenge to skill and an accurate eye.



5. In contributing to community life, experience compensates for the extra time the assignment may take.



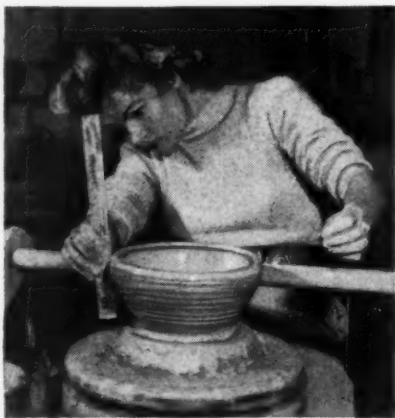
6. For here, what was age has become youth with all of its skills and strengths, and no one grows old.



Eight steps in ceramics range from digging the clay to firing the glazed work.



The "throwing" phase consists in shaping the pliable clay on a turning wheel.



After it has been shaped and trimmed, the clay must be baked for five hours.

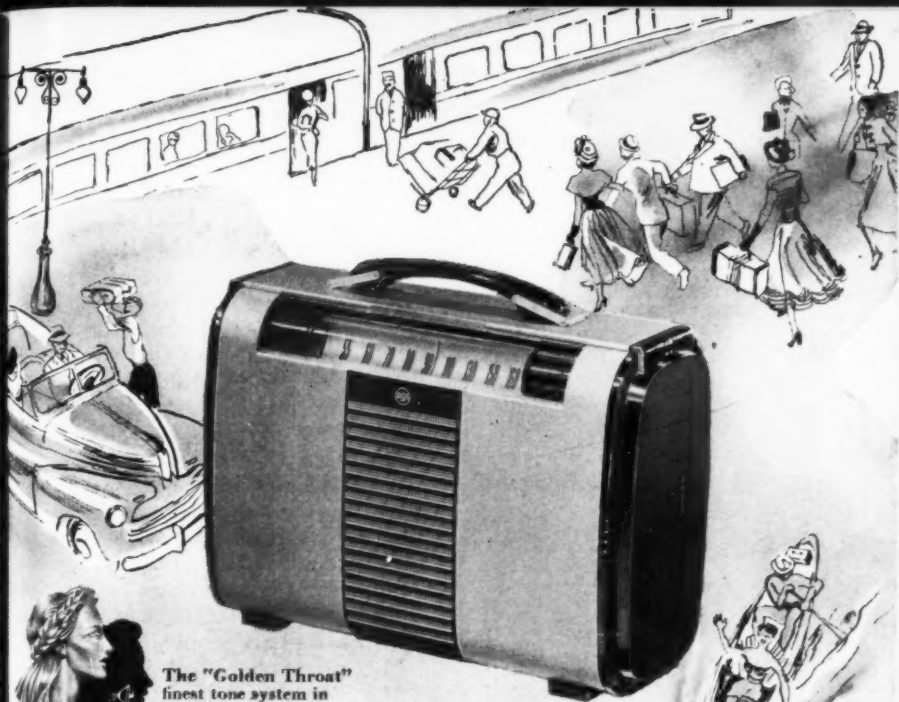


Exactng care is what marks the difference between good and exceptional work.

## Rebirth of a Craft

CERAMICS, THE baking and molding of clay into pottery, was once practiced by the American Indians. Today it is a popular and profitable homecraft. In the vanguard of ceramic artists is Mary

Lindheim, who regards her work as a functional art. "A teapot is made to pour," she points out, "and a cup should welcome the lip. An artist must combine use with a form that pleases the eye."



The "Golden Throat"  
finest tone system in  
RCA Victor history.

## GO with the GLOBE TROTTER

Here's a musical companion to entertain you every day, *everywhere!* It's the "Globetrotter" in a lightweight weatherized aluminum case. Plays on AC, DC or a powerful RCA battery. Has extra power, the beautiful tone of RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat."

**RCA VICTOR**  
Division of Radio Corporation of America

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . .  
First in Television



## Songs of the People

**A**LL OVER THE LAND, people sing—and their songs are yesterday's living memories. This is America's folk music, grown from the inspirations of many minds.

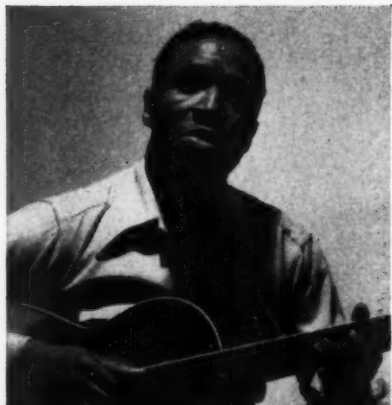
From the time of the wandering minstrels of the Middle Ages, people have told stories in song. Never conscious of creating folk music, they sing the songs they have heard around campfires or at the family piano. Though masterpieces of art and literature remain expressions of history's artistic peaks, they are not nearly so revealing as the ballads which spring from the experiences of plain people.

Now, three voices are raised in the revival of America's folk music—the lilting tones of Burl Ives and Josh White, and the clear tenor of Richard Dyer-Bennet.

Dyer-Bennet (*bottom*) is a young American whose repertoire of 600 folk songs ranges from the victory song of the English at Agincourt to the World War II songs of American doughboys.

The early schooling of Josh White (*top*) consisted of leading blind balladeers across America, and he absorbed his training well. Stealing time to practice the guitar, White has been called the nearest approach to old-time minstrels.

Burl Ives (*center*), a huge, bearded giant of a man, is a product of the Midwest, as are many of his songs. "I'm not an academic folklorist," he insists. "I'm just a guy who sings."





**IT'S A SIN TO MISS "THE GREAT SINNER"!**

M-G-M presents a great drama with a great star in every role!  
**GREGORY PECK • AVA GARDNER • MELVYN DOUGLAS**  
**WALTER HUSTON • ETHEL BARRYMORE • FRANK MORGAN • AGNES MOOREHEAD**  
**"THE GREAT SINNER"**

Directed by **ROBERT SIODMAK** • Produced by **GOTTFRIED REINHARDT**  
Screen Play by **Ladislav Fodor** and **Christopher Isherwood** • Story by **Ladislav Fodor** and  
**Rene Fuellep-Miller** • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

JUNE, 1949

25



## Argentine Spring

WHEN JUNE UNFURLS its banners across America, the Southern Hemisphere is hushed with winter.

Yet, in a good-neighbor exchange of seasons, spring, in all her glory, will come again to the pampas.



Please lady,  
listen

Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion

is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. *Tampax* frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. *Tampax* is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can

shower, tub or swim without removing it!

Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty patented applicators, *Tampax* comes in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips readily into purse. Compare today's price of *Tampax* with the price of nationally-advertised external pads. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American Medical Association



## WHERE ANIMALS TALK

IT IS A TRIBUTE to the skill of the Walt Disney Studios that movie audiences become so enchanted with Mickey Mouse that they seldom think of the tremendous effort required to bring a cartoon to life.

Ward Kimball (*above*), a Disney animator, combines the talents of artist and actor. To picture a whale saying, "Hello," he makes faces at

a mirror and translates his expression to paper. Then, knowing that the word "Hello" will occupy eight frames of film, Kimball repeats the process eight times, with varying expressions.

When the animators have finished working on a full-length feature, the Disney collection of paintings has grown by 150,000.

**controlled performance**  
**with \*flo-control**

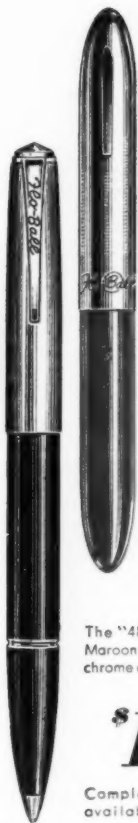
Now—Flo-Ball brings you the smoothest writing ever! Yours with Flo-control\*, the new point developed by Flo-Ball to control the flow of ink. Writes with a dry, smooth, rich-dark line. Only Flo-Ball has it! Guaranteed to write to your satisfaction.

**Flo-Ball**

*for your writing pleasure*

FLO-BALL PEN CORP.  
NEW YORK 16, N. Y. • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA  
\*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

JUNE, 1949



The "Little Jewel"  
(with or without  
clip), finger length  
when closed, opens  
into full size, comes  
in Red, Green,  
Blue, Yellow, Black.

The "48" comes in Blue,  
Maroon, Black, Navy, with  
chrome or gold colored caps.

**\$1** each

Complete refills always  
available, 49¢ at leading  
pen counters everywhere.

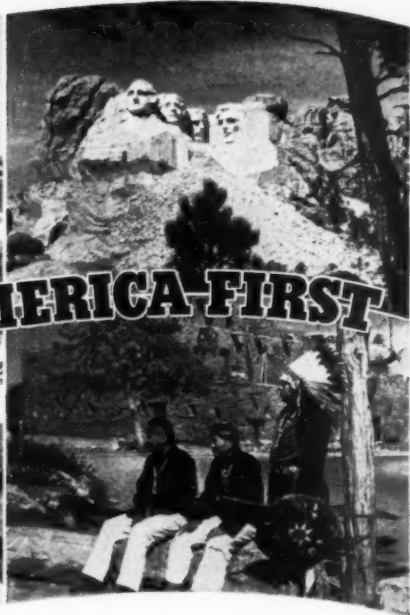




## Permanent Première

A MODEL'S LIFE is a hard one. Regina Salonia didn't want a permanent wave—and she let it be

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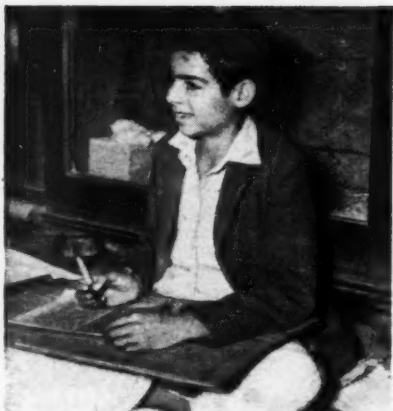
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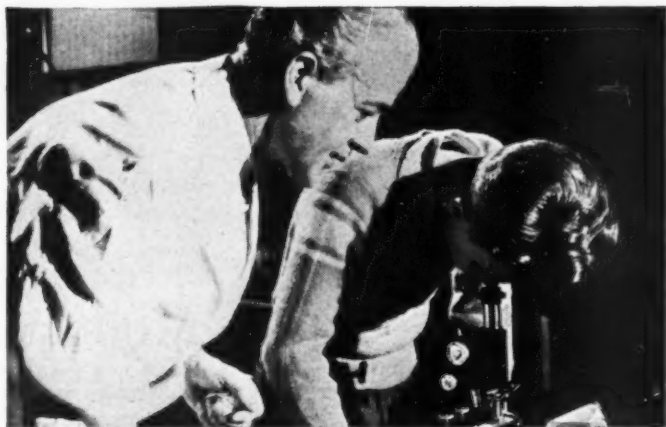
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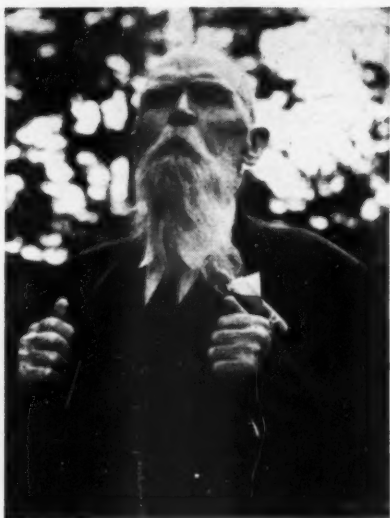
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Aunt Becky Tester, age 91



Preacher Shelby Gragg, age 84

## Singing on the Mountain

ON THE FOURTH SUNDAY in June last year, 40,000 people ranging in age from five-month-old babies to their 95-year-old great-grandparents crowded into 50 acres at the base of Grandfather Mountain near Linville, North Carolina, for a unique musical festival.

Most of the people, like 91-year-old Aunt Becky Tester of Sugar Grove, were natives of the Southern Highlands who, since 1924, have gathered here each year for an old-fashioned gospel sing—to join in voicing their favorite religious songs which are a priceless part of their Highland heritage.

Picnics and preaching are part of the day's program. Between songs, preachers like 84-year-old Shelby Gragg of Shulls Mills address the crowd, lead prayers.

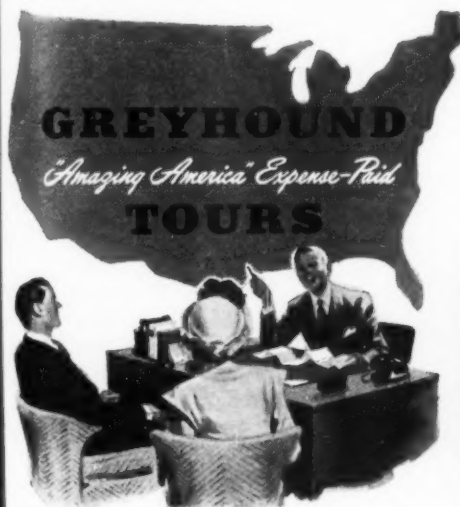
Most of the spectators are from near-by Southern states, but a few come from as far as the West Coast. Choirs, quartets, choruses from all parts of the Highlands participate, and the crowds join in singing the familiar songs.

The 78-year-old originator and major-domo of "Singing on the Mountain," J. L. Hartley, thinks 1949, the 25th anniversary year, will witness the biggest sing yet.

PHOTOS: Page 6, Illinois Central Railroad; 8, Larry Gordon, David Workman and Twin Arts; 10, 12, 20-21, 30, 32 and 34, International News Photos; 14, Gene Lester; 16 and 26, Muky; 18, Black Star; 22, Herb Kratovil; 24, Sid Grossman and Whittlesey House; 28, Pix, Inc.

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## In the hills of life . . .

there are two trails. One lies along the higher sunlit fields  
where those who journey see afar, and the light lingers even when the sun  
is down; and one leads to the lower ground, where those who  
travel, as they go, look always over their shoulders with eyes of dread,  
and gloomy shadows gather long before the day is done.

From *THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS* by Harold Bell Wright. Copyright,  
1907 by the author and published by Appleton-Century Company, Inc.

# Looking for a Better Job?

by ELLIS MICHAEL



"SHOULD I CHANGE jobs, or would I be better off staying right where I am?"

Every day, thousands of men and women in offices and factories throughout America are asking themselves this searching question. The answer is vitally important, for it may mean the difference between the smoothly paved path to success or the dismal road to failure.

To help readers find the right answer, CORONET has enlisted the experience and findings of leading vocational-guidance counselors, personnel experts and human-relations advisers. In addition, this article presents a carefully designed

plan of action for the employee who hopes to turn his new job into a rewarding and exciting adventure.

It is no secret that, today, voluntary job-changing has skyrocketed to an amazing high. Figures from the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reveal that for every 1,000 employees, as many as 28 quit their jobs in any one month. However, vocational experts agree that with employment hovering around the 60,000,000 mark, there is no better time than the present for choosing the job that suits you.

But at the same time they issue a grim warning: *consider carefully before changing your position.* A hur-

ried decision can lead to harmful, even tragic results. Above all, they urge you not to become a "floater"—an employee who ends up as an industrial rolling stone, unable to hold the same type of job for any length of time.

In St. Louis, a 30-year-old insurance salesman recently left his fourth employer within two years. In each case, he had averaged less than six months with the company. The first time, he quit because his manager chided him for using a company car excessively. In his second job, he felt he was not being promoted rapidly enough. He left the third company with the idea of obtaining a larger salary elsewhere. Finally, he resigned his fourth job in the belief that his employer's methods were old-fashioned.

Making the rounds of other agencies, the man soon discovered that his reputation as a floater had preceded him. "Why should we hire you?" one manager asked frankly. "How do we know that you won't leave us, after we've invested time and money breaking you in?"

Floating, according to personnel men, is especially tragic in the case of younger employees who are starting their careers. "Many of them think it's smart to quit jobs at regular intervals," says Charles I. Forbes, supervisor of field training for the School of Business, City College of New York. "Too late, they discover that for every successful floater, there are thousands who have brought on themselves and their families nothing but hardship and unhappiness."

But what about the employee who is honestly dissatisfied with the kind of work he is doing? The safest



bet is to visit a reputable vocational-guidance clinic for aptitude tests and expert advice. To secure the address of an accepted agency, there are a number of reference services to write or call.

If you are a veteran, the Veterans Administration, which maintains 306 vocational centers, will give service free. Many local welfare agencies also list counseling groups that charge \$20 to \$100 in fees. Finally, any state employment office will gladly refer you to a guidance center near your home.

If you are the average employee, however, the chances are you don't want to change your kind of work. Like most persons contemplating a switch, you probably intend to continue the same work—but for a different employer. In that case, it is up to you to decide whether the change is worth while.

**T**HERE ARE EIGHT crucial questions to ask yourself when considering a new offer. These have been compiled through interviews with many authorities in vocational guidance, personnel work and human relations. Answered honestly and thoughtfully, they will give you an effective scale on which to weigh your decision.

**1. Does the new job interest you?**

To many employees, a job is an

unavoidable evil that has to be tolerated from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. However, the person who is really interested in his work does not watch the clock. The feeling of achievement that he gets from carrying out his job is a vital and enjoyable part of daily living.

Not long ago, a young man who had just been graduated from evening law school left a \$5,000-a-year position with a coffee firm to work in a law office. His starting salary? Fifty dollars a week! Yet he is perfectly happy.

"Certainly it's difficult to get by on that salary," he says. "But at least I'm doing what interests me—and that's even more important to my wife and me."

The attitude of the young lawyer is the kind that makes for success. A recent poll of successful executives revealed that 94.2 per cent liked their present occupations. Only 5.8 per cent indicated they would rather work at something else. It is not surprising, therefore, that such authorities as Forest Lombaer, assistant to the director of personnel for Macy's, rate interest as the central factor in deciding whether to switch jobs.

"But I'm just a clerk," is a common complaint. "No matter where I work, I'll find my job dull and uninteresting."

Usually the reason for this attitude is that the employee fails to see his own position in true perspective. No job is exciting when looked upon as a disconnected operation. By accepting a position with a company whose over-all work is interesting, you will soon see your daily task as a small but important part of the production

wheel. Then, instead of saying: "My job is unimportant," you will tell yourself: "Without me, the wheel can't turn properly!"

This outlook is the key to satisfaction. Once you have acquired it, your job will take on new and exciting hues.

## *2. Do you honestly feel that you can meet the new job's requirements?*

There is one sure-fire way for an employee to get himself fired: just take a job for which you are not qualified. Nothing angers an employer more than to learn that he has hired someone who fails to meet requirements. And it matters little whether the employee felt beforehand that he could honestly fill the bill. In most cases, the boss will assume that he has been duped intentionally.

The reason this situation occurs so often is that most of us have great difficulty in seeing ourselves as we really are. Psychologists have shown that the average person looks at his abilities and personal qualities through ego-colored spectacles.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the late psychologist, once asked 10,000 employees to rate themselves on qualities commonly regarded as essential to success. Later, he compared these self-ratings with the judgments of superiors and fellow-employees. Eighty-two per cent rated their abilities and personal qualities much too highly. Fifteen per cent rated themselves too low. Only three per cent gauged themselves correctly!

How, then, can you tell whether you really measure up to a job on which you have set your sights? The easiest way is to have someone

else rate your abilities for you. Sit down with a friend or relative and have him gauge you on all abilities that he would consider essential were he the prospective employer.

Ask him to write these ratings on paper. Repeat the procedure, this time measuring your shortcomings. With this vocational credit and debit chart, you won't find it hard to decide whether you can handle the new job.

### 3. *Is the salary increase worth while?*

Several months ago, a 32-year-old public-relations director for a large university left to work with an industrial firm. In his old position, he was earning \$6,000 a year. The new one paid \$9,000. Although his heart was really in college work, the raise in pay was too attractive to resist.

Yet it is a grave danger to think that *any* salary increase makes a change worth while. Personnel experts point out that big salary increases, such as in the case of the public-relations director, are rare. Nine times out of ten, a new job will add only several dollars to your weekly pay check.

"Before an employee resigns to take a new job," says Thomas J. Beatson, the New York personnel manager for United Parcel Service, "he should ask himself honestly: 'Is the raise enough to cover the risk of working for a new employer in an unknown job?'"

### 4. *Are you overlooking any "hidden" benefits?*

These include such things as health insurance, retirement plans, discounts on purchases, extra vacation periods, low-cost company caf-

eterias. All too often they are overlooked by employees who switch jobs. Yet the value of these items in some instances adds up to \$5 or \$10 a week.

A chemistry instructor at a small college recently changed to a similar post with a large university—at a \$150-a-year drop in salary! Actually, however, he is earning \$5 more a week.

"In my old position," he says, "I had to travel 50 miles three times a week in order to do research for my doctorate. Now, I do it right here at the university after teaching classes. In addition, I am covered by a retirement plan and health insurance, to say nothing of the 50 cents a day I save by eating in the school's nonprofit cafeteria. It all adds up."

Dr. Louis Long, director of one of the Veterans Administration's largest guidance centers, emphasizes the psychological value of retirement funds and low-cost health insurance. "They are almost a necessity for the married employee with meager savings. It gives him a feeling of security he would not have otherwise."

### 5. *Are you fooling yourself about promotions?*

Complaining about lack of promotion is a unique occupational disease among American employees. Some executives, like Florence C. Werner of Westinghouse, have found it to be the No. 1 cause for job-switching.

But don't fool yourself that a job-change is the solution to promotion problems. Surveys show that advancement comes most readily to him who works and waits. An



investigation by CORONET\* disclosed that of 202 successful young executives earning an average of \$9,000 a year, *52 per cent won promotions simply by waiting for them.*

Many employees think that the length of time spent under the same boss has little bearing on promotions. Actually, such experts as Paul W. Boynton, employment supervisor for Socony-Vacuum, asserts that just the opposite is true.

"By staying with your firm," he declares, "you are building up prestige and seniority. In a new firm, you are just another new employee, regardless of past experience."

Perhaps you are tempted to switch jobs because you feel that you are holding down a "dead-end" position. But before you do, have you made certain that *you* aren't the one who is turning it into a dead-end proposition?

#### 6. Will you have job security?

Curiously enough, security has been one of the most overlooked job factors during recent years. With employment at a peak, the worker feels he'll have no trouble getting a new job should he lose his present one.

From the standpoint of a successful career, however, this is dangerous. If you were to lose your position tomorrow, you might not be able to find a suitable replacement

promptly. And a job that you take in desperation may not fit in with long-range plans for success.

It is far safer to assure yourself in the first place that you won't be discharged because your job is an unstable or temporary one. Some experts, like Robert J. Shotter, director of placement at City College of New York, go so far as to say that if you are over 40, picking the job that offers the most permanence should outweigh every other factor.

"Forty," Shotter warns, "is 'that dangerous age' in employment. Once you have reached it, don't take chances!"

#### 7. Will you be entering a growing concern?

Just because a firm is 50 years old is not necessarily a sign that it is still growing. Actually, it may be on the downgrade. On the other hand, a company that is just starting may not be expanding, either. The fatality rate for new firms is notoriously high.

One way to check on a company's chances for the future is by writing or calling trade associations. Another is by obtaining annual reports from the firm itself and examining them carefully.

One assistant promotion manager for a large hardware concern started with the firm 11 years ago as a shipping clerk. Before taking this \$18-a-week job, however, he went to the library and looked through old newspapers. By examining the company's stock reports for five years, he concluded that it was a growing company and the right one for him!

Don W. Patterson, of City College School of Business and Civil

\*See *This Way to Success*, CORONET, February, 1948.

Administration, likes to tell the story of a sales manager for a small Midwestern gas company who was offered a similar job at a better salary with a local railroad. Upon examining his own company's records, however, he learned that its sales were booming as it kept expanding its lines. Therefore, he turned down the railroad offer.

Within three years, the company was bought out by a power chain. And the sales manager was placed in charge of customer-relations at double his old salary.

8. *How is the morale of employees in the new company?*

Factors that make for high morale include friendliness of employer and of people who work with you; a cheerful atmosphere; liberal paid-vacations; adequate rest periods and recreational facilities.

"But how can I find out about a company's morale beforehand?" is a common question. The answer is quite simple: *Ask your prospective employer for permission to go through the company!*

You would be surprised how much you can learn about an organization in a visit or two. Is the firm orderly and clean? Do the people look worried and overworked? Talk to the employees themselves. What are their complaints? Does everyone cooperate?

Many firms are now beginning to include such visits in employment procedure. At the Victor Manufacturing and Gasket Company in Chicago, hiring is a two-way process, explains Robert Young, personnel director.

While the prospective employee is interviewed by executives, he is

also given a chance to "interview" the company. Taken on a tour of the plant, he looks around and meets the people who will be working with him. In this way, the firm has reduced labor turnover by 60 per cent.

THE ABOVE EIGHT FACTORS are the ones to consider *before* changing your job. But what if you decide, after analyzing your job situation carefully, that a change *is* the right move?

In that case, you have still licked only half the problem, according to Robert F. Moore, director of personnel and placement at Columbia University. Once you have made the change, your next step is to follow a blueprint of action that will enable you to get off to a good start in the new job.

To help new employees make the transition efficiently, Moore has compiled five simple rules for them to follow. Based on his forthcoming book, *Blueprint for Success*, they are the result of his 18 years' experience in dealing with more than 50,000 executives, employees and college students.

**Rule 1**—Start slowly. Remember: you are working for a new employer now, so adapt yourself to his way of doing things. Never say: "In my old firm, we used a much better system . . ."

**Rule 2**—Keep up-to-date. If necessary, do extra reading or attend classes in your spare time to keep abreast of latest methods. People often condemn the things they know little about.

**Rule 3**—Don't be afraid to ask for help. If you have difficulty adjusting to your new duties, ask older

employees for advice. In most cases, they will be glad to help. In addition, it gives you an opportunity to know the people with whom you will be working.

**Rule 4**—Watch your human relations. Be courteous, tactful and enthusiastic. Don't gossip—and don't "play up" to the boss. Learn some of the duties of the people around you and show interest in their work. Then you can pitch in and help them, if necessary.

**Rule 5**—Don't hesitate to make suggestions. After you have been in the new job long enough to understand your employer's way of doing things, begin to offer suggestions—

tactfully. But never institute new methods without getting his approval first.

Holding the right job, concludes Moore, is not a mysterious technique. Almost everyone has the ability to embark on a successful career that will suit his own interests, needs and talents.

And once you have reached a decision on the right job, it is not difficult to make it a stimulating and successful adventure. By following a few common-sense rules, you will soon find yourself moving up the highway to job advancement, added monetary rewards and a fuller, richer working life.

## The Big Difference

BURNET HERSHEY, author and war correspondent, tells the story of an American labor delegation that visited the Skoda works in Soviet-controlled Czechoslovakia. The Americans asked: "To whom does this factory belong?"

"We, the people, own it," said the guides.

"Who owns the machinery?" asked the Americans.

"We, the people, own it," the guides replied.

"Who gets the profits?" the visitors demanded.

"We the people, get them," was the reply.

Then the Americans saw three large cars parked near-by, and asked who owned them.

"One is owned by the commissar for defense, the second belongs to the chairman of the workers' committee, and the third to the

representative from Moscow, who is visiting here," the guides told the U. S. labor representatives.

Then a Skoda delegation arrived in America to tour its industrial plants. An American labor leader showed them the Ford factory.

"Who owns this factory?" the visitors asked.

"Mr. Ford does," said the American.

"Who owns the machinery?" they demanded, and were told Mr. Ford owned it.

"Who gets the profits?" the Skoda man continued.

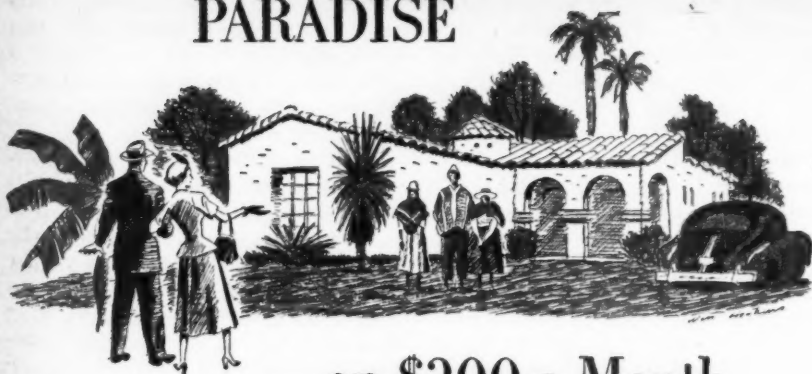
"Mr. Ford does," said the American.

Then the visitors saw 30,000 cars parked in a near-by lot, and asked: "Who owns all those cars?"

The American grinned. Then he said: "We, the people, own those cars."

—Modern Machine Shop

# PARADISE



— on \$200 a Month

Lima, Peru, is a real Shangri-La where the American dollar still goes a long way

by RICHARD JOSEPH

**AVAILABLE**—Sun-kissed community in semitropical zone, offering private villa, three servants, lavish meals, recreation, entertainment, sports to American couple seeking health and happiness. Cost: \$200 per month.

Is this an inflation-inspired daydream or a newspaper ad from the Gay Twenties? Neither. Such a place actually exists today. In this real-life Shangri-La, an American couple can enjoy all of life's necessities and many of its luxuries for only \$200 a month.

This paradise, located at the foot of the Andes Mountains, is Peru's tropical-scented capital, Lima. Here, in a city where symbols of ancient Spanish culture blend with the newest facets of a modern metropolis, Americans can joyously discover that a dollar still buys what it bought in the United States in almost-forgotten 1933.

Take servants, for example. How many couples in the U. S. can employ a full-time maid without at least a slight strain on the family budget? Yet, in Lima, you can enjoy the luxury of three in help—cook, *mayordomo* (houseman) and maid—at a total cost of only \$20 per month!

Such magic is due chiefly to the vagaries of foreign exchange. Peru's currency unit is the sol, which once shone so brightly in the fiscal firmament that it was named after the sun. Now, however, owing to the fact that Peru's economy is hungry for dollars, the sol is somewhat tarnished. The official rate of exchange is 6½ to the dollar. But your dollar will buy about 15 soles in the exchange shops of Lima.

Take the case of Bill Mitchell, a war veteran with complete service-incurred disability. A grateful government allots him \$173 per month. Bill and Mrs. Mitchell and their baby daughter got along fairly well

at home until inflation hit them. Then a friend who had visited Peru told Bill about the cheap and agreeable life there.

Bill checked with the Peruvian Consulate-General in New York, and wrote to the Pan American Union and the International Reference Service of the U. S. Department of Commerce in Washington. Encouraged by their reports, Bill and his family booked passage on a freighter bound for the port of Callao, eight miles from Lima.

Today, they are managing beautifully on a pension of some \$40 per week. They live in a flower-bordered, six-room house in Miraflores, one of Lima's finest suburbs, which they rent for \$53 a month, furnished. Since the climate is so mild, there are no heating costs.

They pay \$7 per month to their cook and \$5 to the child's nursemaid. When Mrs. Mitchell goes shopping for the larder, she buys Argentine beef at 32 cents a pound, fish at two cents a pound, domestic coffee at 40 cents a kilo (about 2½ pounds), sugar at two cents a kilo, butter at 39 cents a pound, rice at two cents a pound, and strawberries at ten cents a pound.

More lavish living is enjoyed by another North American resident of Lima—the manager of the local office of a large American manufacturer. His salary is \$100 a week. Before coming to Peru, he had the foresight to arrange that his company bank half his salary in the U. S., paying the other half in dollars, in Lima.

Like Mitchell, this man also has a wife and one child. On \$200 a month they not only have a lovely home but run a good car, which

they brought from the States. Cars in Peru are expensive to buy, but with gas at six to eight cents a gallon, they are inexpensive to operate. Oil and tires are also comparably low in price.

Peru was one of the first South American countries to complete its share of the Pan-American Highway about three years ago, and the road is in excellent condition, clear across country from Ecuador to Chile. Other highways paralleling the length of the country and running inland from the coast to the highlands are also very good. With their car, the Americans enjoy frequent week-end and vacation trips to the Andes and the Pacific seashore—all on \$50 per week.

In Lima, many retired couples or younger married people without children prefer the carefree life of the *pensionados* to the responsibilities of keeping house. Unlike the typical American boardinghouse, the *pensionados* are lovely suburban villas where the guests live in comfortable rooms and spend much time in the surrounding gardens—carefully waited on by squads of servants—for about \$40 a month, including excellent meals.

ALMOST EVERYTHING about the dollar-earning foreigner's life in Lima is refreshingly cheap. A five-course meal in the best restaurants, including native wine, coffee and tip, costs between 75 cents and \$1.50. New American films are shown for 26 cents, while any of the boys working in the streets around the Jiron de la Union, Lima's main thoroughfare, are glad to shine shoes for two cents.

Bus fares are 2½ cents, and a



taxi ride to almost any part of town costs 15 to 30 cents. A pisco sour, Peru's national drink, is yours for about 16 cents, and an evening at one of the town's best night clubs will generally run to less than \$5 a couple.

It never really rains in Lima, so umbrellas are unknown, as are windshield wipers for cars. But the principal climatic advantage is that Lima is close to places where you can enjoy any season. While the capital is soaking up chilly winter clouds, there is perpetual spring in the mountains a few miles away. (The 30-mile train ride to the sun resort of Chosica costs 15 cents.) And during the summer, the cool Pacific surf is only a few miles in the opposite direction.

Lima, once Spain's mightiest stronghold in the New World, is a clean, modern city of about 600,000, which retains its colonial atmosphere of fiestas and the rigid social customs of the *grandees*. In this community of contrasts, colorfully garbed descendants of the original Incas shade their eyes with brown hands to watch the descent of a silver DC-6 of Pan-American World Airways—Panagra, 11 hours out of Miami and some 15 hours out of New York City.

At first the *Limeños*, as residents of the capital call themselves, seem reserved. But soon the *norteamericano* will find himself invited to "Cocktails at Seven" at a villa in San

Isidro or Miraflores, or he will make his way through a colorfully tiled patio into a Spanish colonial townhouse. Here the cocktails flow until almost midnight, when a sumptuous buffet is served.

Despite the fact that most entertaining in Lima is done at home, the National Symphony Orchestra plays Sundays in the summertime at the outdoor auditorium of the Campo de Marte. During the winter, dramatic and musical productions are features of the theater season in Peru's capital.

In the field of sports, Peru offers about everything the visitor might ask for, except our Yankee type of football. There is fine swimming and bathing all along the coast, and surfboarding was recently introduced by a man who had lived in Honolulu. For the fisherman, Peru's streams were stocked with North American rainbow trout some years ago, while excellent deep-sea angling is found in the Humboldt Current, which runs along the coast.

Lima's Country Club is one of the most famous in South America, complete with swimming pools, tennis courts and golf course. Adjoining are the Lima Golf and the Polo and Hunt Club, where matches are held every Saturday through the season. Initiation fee at the Country Club is quite high, but most members of the Anglo-American colony have little trouble getting guest

privileges when they need them.

Unmarried American men in Lima do not lack feminine companionship, even though Peru observes the traditional Spanish custom that a girl cannot go out with a man unless chaperoned by an older person. But Lima's young women date almost as freely as American girls, provided they have been properly introduced. The more conservative parents sometimes insist on meeting the young man beforehand.

Americans going to Peru will find opportunities to augment their cash incomes, particularly if they have a practical hobby. One recent arrival likes to tinker with radio sets—an avocation he learned as a radio repairman in the Navy. Another Yankee—wife of an American businessman—learned upholstery work in her native New England. Both of these visitors earn \$50 to \$100 a month in part-time work for the Anglo-American colony and their Peruvian friends.

English lessons are another good source of part-time income, and there are good job opportunities with the many American corporations in Peru. Particularly is this true at the present time, when there is an acute shortage of trained technicians.

The question of how long this Peruvian paradise will endure for the American visitor or resident is a hard one to answer. Trying to predict the duration of the highly favorable exchange rate is as difficult as forecasting the scope of inflation at home. But it is fairly safe to prophesy that the situation will remain about the same as long as Peru has to import most of its industrial goods from the U. S. and Great Britain.

Which means, in other words, that for a long time to come, Americans will find that the good life is much cheaper, pleasanter and healthier in the South American paradise called Peru.

### What's in a Name?

AMERICAN-MADE movies are often shown abroad under different titles. Here are some examples:

In Siam, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* was titled *Tactics of a Girl*. *The Harvey Girls* was called *Dancing and Boxing in a Crowd*.

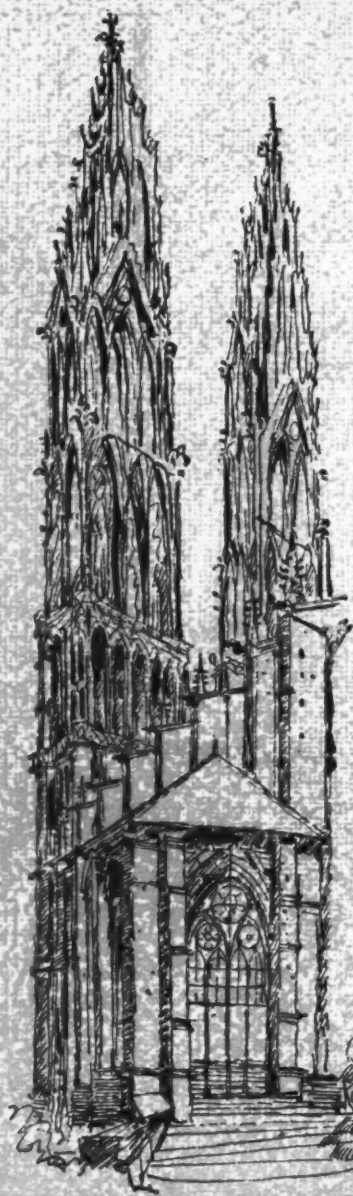
In France, *Beyond the Blue Horizon* was shown under the title *The Devil's Elephant*.

In Argentina, *The Perfect Marriage* was shown under the title *Let's Get a Divorce*.

In Italy, *The Major and the Minor* was called *Forbidden Fruit*, and *Practically Yours* was named *Sincerely Yours*.

In Britain, *Two Guys from Texas* was called *Two Texas Knights*. *It's in the Bag* was called *Fifth Chair*.

—PAUL STEINER



# What's so difficult about Faith?

by H. I. PHILLIPS

HAVE YOU NOTICED that man who, refusing to accept certain religious concepts on the ground that he doesn't understand them completely, seldom has the remotest idea what makes his windshield wiper work?

Have you observed that the fellow who argues, "But I can't accept anything so baffling to my intelligence," has the fullest faith in his radio or his telephone, without anything beyond a sketchy idea of how they do what they do?

Whenever I get into a mood when I feel doubt about anything



in the Bible, I switch myself back onto the track of faith by realizing that no story in it is harder for my mind to comprehend than the hundreds of wonders which I accept in everyday life as routine.

I don't say, when I hear in a Bronx flat a voice from Teheran or Mandalay, that what I am hearing is too incredible to believe. When I sit in a Connecticut bungalow and a singer out in Los Angeles comes into my room by air wave, I never think of saying, "That's too much for me to swallow."

Why should miracles of Holy Writ seem hard to take when one realizes they were performed by a Man compared to Whom we are intellectual pygmies? Nobody contends that Marconi, Bell, Edison and Morse were smarter than God.

I believe in prayer unquestioningly. But I think more emphasis is needed in churches and homes on the quality and mood and spirit of prayer. Of all things, certainly, that should not be slipshod, fumbling and hasty, except in an emergency, foremost among them is a talk with God.

We all seem to have plenty of time for other things of life. No man would think of going into a business conference, for example, without plenty of careful thought beforehand about what he is going to say. What makes us think that, in the matter of prayer, we can take out a few minutes a day for a "quicky," often poorly thought out and poorly executed?

Prayer is the most solemn and most important act of daily life. It rates over all else. It is a "must," as they say in the business world. And while we should do it often, I don't think one can talk with God without infinitely more reverence, patience, thought and concentration than one shows when talking to a neighbor.

Certainly, most of my neighbors wouldn't even notice me if I were as casual, abrupt and hurried in what I had to say to them as I sometimes am in presuming to say something to my Maker. For when you talk with the Creator, that is the one time when you are communing with One who cannot be fooled or imposed upon.

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## The Bodies at the Automat

Fate forged a fantastic chain of circumstance that brought sudden death to two

by RICHARD L. TOBIN

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS in the Depression summer of 1933, we reporters knew when we came to work in the morning that a standard number of people had jumped in front of subway trains during the night, that a certain fraction had killed themselves by gas, and that the lineup would include a ration of suspected bootleggers. But as we watched the police ticker one sultry July day, we had no way of knowing that we would be summoned to 104th Street and Broadway on one of the most unusual cases in Manhattan's crime files.

At first the ticker merely reported the discovery in an Automat on upper Broadway of the body of an aged, dying woman who had apparently decided to poison herself

there, or had been poisoned by something she had purchased behind one of those fascinating swinging windows, opened with a nickel or two. Yet it was scarcely ten minutes after this first message that the ambulance driver from Knickerbocker Hospital reported another body in the Automat. This victim had also apparently been poisoned.

As we rode north in a squad car, we could hear over the police radio that the man was Henry Jellinek of West 170th Street, and the woman Lillian Rosenfeld of West 104th Street. The poison in both cases was cyanide of potassium. A police emergency squad had been called to hold back the curious, of whom there were several thousand.

For hours, the police questioned, investigated and puzzled, but came only to the logical conclusion that

the bodies at the Automat had been a plain case of double suicide, or murder and suicide by pact. But what connection had Henry Jellinek of West 170th Street with Lillian Rosenfeld of West 104th Street? None seemed to exist.

Had they been in love? No, Jellinek had a wife, and a nice one, and he had never been known to look at another woman. Besides, he had never had time, with the busy garage on Tenth Avenue and no money to pay a helper.

Had Henry and Lillian had financial dealings? It seemed unlikely. Nothing in either of their backgrounds or on their persons remotely matched.

Were Henry and Lillian involved in some criminal activity for which there had been no way out except self-destruction? Possibly, yet almost every hour of Jellinek's recent years could be accounted for, and there were no police records or any hint that the bodies in the Automat had been affinities in crime.

Which of the pair, if there had been a suicide pact, first took the cyanide? The woman had been found first, slumped on the mezzanine. The man had been found in the washroom in the basement a few minutes later. It was impossible to tell whether Lillian or Henry had first summoned courage to swallow a pinch of whitish powder.

I WORKED WITH Detective Patty McVeigh, because I thought he was smarter than the rest, and I was not wrong. McVeigh went through the routine work hurriedly—the addresses, the timing, the ages, the circumstances—but he became absorbed when he reached

that stage of the investigation that fell under the heading of background.

"I have a theory," said McVeigh after a fourth day of fruitless investigation, "that we are barking up the wrong pole. I don't think it's double suicide. I think it's something else."

McVeigh thought that the way to solve this case was to take one victim at a time. And, by instinct, he chose first to follow Jellinek's trail through the years.

By the end of the day, McVeigh had put together a small but very important part of the puzzle of why two people should have died almost simultaneously of cyanide poisoning, without knowing one another, in a public restaurant on a hot July morning.

Jellinek was a middle-aged former mechanic whose business had prospered in the 1920s, but who began to hit the skids in 1931, and was in dire straits by 1933. So here at last was some sort of motive. Jellinek owed a bank a note for \$150, not much money even in 1933, but still a great deal more than Jellinek had by July 1, when the note was due. Letters from the bank became progressively harsher as the dates progressed through the summer toward the fatal reckoning.

So Jellinek had been unhappy, and he had wanted to die. His sorrows were so deep that he had gone to a neighborhood drugstore and, on some pretext known only to a dead man and conveniently forgotten by the druggist, had bought \$3 worth of powdered cyanide.

The small box stayed in Jellinek's pocket for a week or more. Its presence tormented him. All his troubles were at an end in that

little box. Yet he hesitated. No man can live for 50 years and then give up life as easily as opening a box.

So it went a week in Jellinek's pocket; but perhaps the sultry, awful humidity of this July day had been the last straw. He let the garage stay closed that morning and took a subway downtown. Probably Jellinek had no special place in mind in which to destroy himself. Perhaps it was the heat that made him get off at 104th Street.

There, directly at the subway exit, was a restaurant—and an Automat at that! An Automat, where no one would ask questions or interfere. It was a sort of fate.

So Jellinek crossed the steaming street and moved through the crowded brass and glass to the section that had "Bread" above it. He picked two-for-a-nickel hard rolls containing poppy seed. They would make it easier to swallow the white dust in his pocket.

Two for a nickel! It occurred to Jellinek that one would be wasted, and that seemed a shame to one who had always eaten everything on his plate. But he took the box from his pocket, pressed a hole in one of the rolls, dropped the powder inside, and left the other roll untouched. Then Jellinek bit and swallowed as much as he could. Somehow, he had enough sense to start for the men's room in the basement, where he fell dead.

But suddenly Lillian Rosenfeld has collapsed upstairs. No one has yet found the body downstairs, which first partook of poison. But who is Lillian? What connection has she with Jellinek, who operated a garage and was unhappy? Mc-

Veigh goes back down her trail.

Lillian's abode, when discovered, outdistanced any rubbish heap McVeigh had ever seen. It was just around the corner from the Automat, in the basement of a brownstone. For 28 years, Lillian had collected things she found on rubbish heaps, in garbage cans, in refuse boxes all over New York.

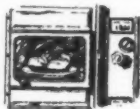
In her filthy magpie's nest on 104th Street were thousands of cardboard boxes stuffed with oddments and crawling with bugs. Peanut shells, gum and candy from the subway, bits of string, bits of paper, pieces of wood and coal, broken pens and pencils, old hats, single shoes, newspapers by the hundred gross, parts of sheets and blankets, old catalogues, broken furniture, and five old bankbooks.

In tin cans were all kinds of iron-work bits, several tattered rolls of old-fashioned large American \$1 bills, bound with twine. Gadgets, broken cigarette lighters, bits of fur from almost every common animal, a wad of cotton as large as a basketball—obviously the accumulation of weeks of effort.

Fragments of costume jewelry lay in neat rows in an old fishing-tackle box. Hundreds of chop bones which no longer contained nourishment. Cans of resin and paint, and a child's typewriter. I was about to say to the detective that Lillian Rosenfeld's collecting habit was certainly ingrained when McVeigh said it for me.

"It cost her her life," said McVeigh as we gladly walked out into the fresh air. The superintendent was on the sidewalk.

"Gave her the place for \$7 a



month," he told McVeigh. "Once or twice she didn't pay, and I didn't want to ask her for it. Not that poor old woman without a cent in the world."

"Don't kid yourself!" said McVeigh. He produced the bankbooks and we gasped.

"Here's the way I figure it," said McVeigh. "This woman, Lillian Rosenfeld, is a scavenger. Doesn't know Jellinek at all. Never heard of him. Never been inside his garage. She goes to every dump and refuse can in the city for five, ten, twenty years, maybe more. She sleeps in subways, she lives on peanuts and subway candy and what she can pick up from inside garbage pails—and what she can pick up from restaurant tables.

"She's sitting in the Automat mezzanine," said McVeigh, "and she watches the people below like a vulture. She has an empty paper bag. She waits for people to leave, then walks down and snatches what is left on their plates.

"Did you see her face at the hospital? Malnutrition. She would have been dead of beriberi or nephritis in a year or two. Anyway, she is sitting in the mezzanine at

the Automat when Jellinek comes in. He isn't important to her until he stands up, leaving something on his plate. And then he is important. Very important.

"He has left a whole bun and a piece of another one. And she can't wait to get down those steps to snatch them. The whole one she pops into her bag, but the half-eaten one she swallows at a gulp, habitually."

McVeigh drew several small packets from his pocket.

"Hungry? Destitute? Poverty-stricken? Look at these bankbooks! Just \$7,500 in this one, the legal limit for any person in any one savings account in New York State. And there's the same amount in this one. Here's one in New Jersey. And here's one, no two, in a savings society.

"They total, let's see, more than \$45,000. The interest alone on that much money is close to \$1,500 a year. Exactly ten times what Henry Jellinek owed the bank!

"One-tenth of just one year's interest on what Lillian Rosenfeld had in those bankbooks—and never would use—would have saved Jellinek's life . . . And her life too!"

### Tips for Tourists

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED for American tourists in Havana contains the following suggestions:

"Don't try to consume it all the first few days. Remember, Cuban distilleries and breweries can also work nights if need be."

"Don't pronounce it bac-



cardy—it is back-ar-dee, with the accent on the 'dee.' Besides, backardy costs the tourist a lot more than the resident pays for bacardi."

"Don't think that the pretty girl behind the barred window wants you to come in. You can't get in anyway."

—MAXWELL WEINBERG

## STOP CRITICIZING OUR CHILDREN!



Never has America had more reason to be proud of her clean-living boys and girls

by HENRY LEE

THE ADULTS OF THIS generation have a new and popular pastime—criticizing America's children. From all sides, we hear constantly that today's youngsters are soft, spoiled, selfish, inept and delinquent. Yet an honest study of the facts will show that 99 per cent of them are all right.

Indeed, they are better than all right. Never before has this country been able to muster so many intelligent, courageous, resourceful and clean-living boys and girls.

If you think that this defense of America's youth is loose exaggeration, check for yourself. How many hardened delinquents do you know in your own neighborhood? Look about you! Does it seem, as you watch the youngsters at school, at play and at work, that they are the "lost souls" of a materialistic civilization? Of course not!

Then why the criticism? Chiefly because we adults suffer from the very weakness which we impute to our army of comic-book readers. We are, consciously or not, sensation-minded. Hence we find it much easier to deplore occasional juvenile delinquency than to investigate the situation soberly and strike a sane balance.

Talk, as I have talked, to the experts who see American youth in full perspective—to clergymen, parents, educators, civic leaders, teachers. From them, you will hear not sensational tales of wayward youngsters but factual stories of youthful achievement in almost every phase of our national life.

Read past the Page-One headlines on juvenile crime to the less-dramatic accounts of patient youthful teamwork, tucked away on inside pages. Study the pyramiding accomplishments of 2,220,000 Boy Scouts, of 1,385,000 Girl Scouts, of

376,000 Camp Fire Girls, of the tens of thousands of youngsters enrolled in Junior Achievement and the 4-H Clubs who are profitably running enterprises of their own.

Finally, set crime statistics against our over-all youth population and make out the report card yourself. Two figures tell the story. Age seven through 17, there are some 24,000,000 youngsters in the country; under 18, arrests run about 34,000 yearly. In other words, less than one child in 700 gets into serious trouble with the law.

Alarmists will tell you that our bobby-soxers think only of sundaes, bebop and Hollywood. However, if you ever visited a community or charity organization, you know better. Girls, some of them only seven years old, stuff envelopes for Christmas Seal campaigns, help in Community Chest drives, work at hospitals, hem clothes for Chinese orphans. And at election time, they serve as free baby-sitters so that mothers can vote.

Pick out any town and see how faithfully boys work at being good citizens and neighbors. In Detroit, 2,500 of them covered the city and recorded the movement of everything on wheels for a traffic survey. In forgotten country cemeteries, they weed and rake in preparation for Memorial Day. Deep in the woods, you find them planting millions of seedlings, constructing fire-breaks, stocking winter feeding stations for birds and animals.

When disaster leveled Texas City, boys took men's risks while the blasts were still going off. They removed debris, carried stretchers and gave first aid, drove Army trucks and kept communications open. In the

Washington floods and the Maine forest fires, girls in pigtails helped the Red Cross serve food and coffee on a 24-hour basis.

All in all, it is a heart-warming picture of our children doing their best and doing it well—and we ignore it. Yet let one teen-age “joy-ride” end in smoking tragedy, and we sorrowfully shake our heads in portent of national disaster.

What do you and I know about a traffic-safety program that is conducted, 52 weeks in the year, by one national boys' organization? As its report stresses:

“The cars that do *not* shatter themselves against obstructions—and therefore do *not* mangle their occupants—also do *not* make headlines or get reported in vital statistics. Thus, there is no statistical record of the worth of hundreds of thousands of safety-conscious boys who have painted traffic signs, removed road hazards, marked dangerous curbs and painted warnings on sidewalks.”

We read of teen-age thefts and holdups, but unfortunately the good news never catches up with the bad. I doubt that you read about Herman Hoffman, 13, who recently had a tremendous temptation thrown in his path.

Walking along a Los Angeles street, Herman picked up \$1,300 in bills. Nobody saw him, and there was nothing to prevent his keeping the money. Yet Herman promptly turned his find over to police, and the owner collapsed in relief at getting back his savings. Of course, if Herman had *stolen* that much money, it would have made a front-page story across the country.

Or take Henry Ruppenthal, III,

a junior-high student in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. There is no drama in his daily work, but it is vitally important to the U.S. Government and the farmers of his region. Henry, only 12, is an official cooperative observer for the Weather Bureau. His daily readings of temperatures, rainfall and unusual weather developments are integrated in the reports of the Parkersburg bureau.

By contrast, let's look at youth in our big cities, where admittedly there are too few schools, parks and playgrounds. Without minimizing the problem of delinquency where it exists, we can still say that an overwhelming majority of big-city boys and girls are clean, cheerful and helpful.

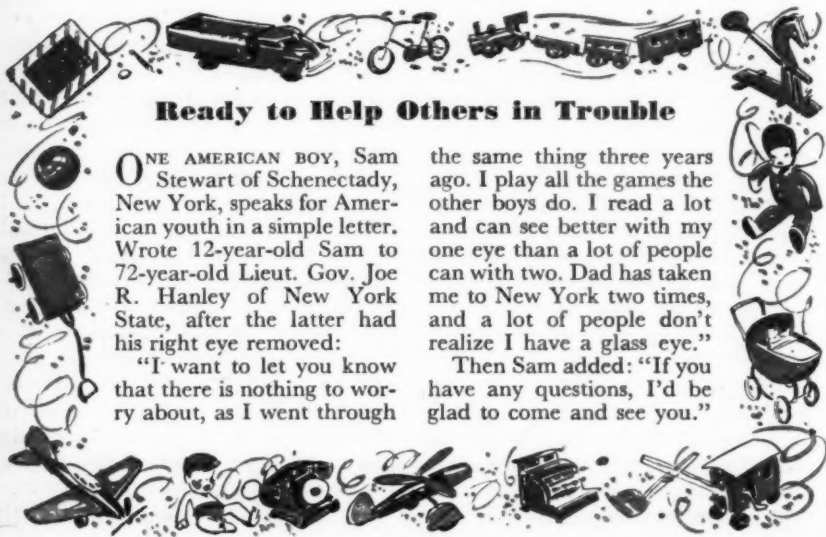
Recently in New York, *The News* conducted a neighborhood clean-up contest in which every family on the winning block was offered a

choice of 19 prizes, ranging from radios to electric grills.

Almost before the campaign started, the children of the tenement area had taken over. Girls swept sidewalks, boys gathered refuse. Garbage-littered lots were picked clean and even streets were washed down. The younger children worked before school and again late at night, while older ones patrolled areas so that passers-by were ashamed to toss even a cigarette butt in the gutter.

But the fact which most impressed the judges was this: not once did any child express interest in the prizes. All simply wanted a *clean* neighborhood.

Pry into the slum sections of any big city and you will come up with stories of love and thoughtfulness among the poorest children. In one metropolis, for example, lives the white-haired widow of a policeman



who is bound to a wheel chair. If it weren't for the neighborhood boys, she would have a hard time. But every day they buy her food, and when the pension check comes in they cash it at the corner store and bring back the money.

The story came out in the courts after the widow was robbed of \$73 in pension funds—not by her boys but by two adult strangers.

In another big city, half a dozen youngsters, aged 10 and 11, tried to give blood for a baby who was dying of a rare ailment. When the Red Cross turned them down because of age, they canvassed the neighborhood and turned up 25 adults who pledged donations.

**N**OW WHAT ABOUT religion? Some pessimists insist that young people are quite literally going to the devil. But I doubt that the clergymen who work with Sunday schools and young peoples' leagues would back up this gloomy view.

In Portage, Pennsylvania, to name one town in thousands, a little-publicized demonstration of young religion-in-action gives the lie to criticisms of our supposedly Godless youth. As a regular part of the Bethany Evangelical United Brethren Church, the "junior church" holds weekly basement services for its "congregation," ranging in age from 6 to 13.

Besides its own vested choir, church treasurer and organist (age 12), the congregation has its own "pastor," 17-year-old Gene Sease, who is not content merely to preach on Sunday. Monday through Saturday, he circulates among his flock so that he will know their problems in intimate, helpful fashion.

Or take another virtue like thrift. Only recently, talking to a bank vice-president, I was amazed at his ignorance of youth activity in his own field. "No sense of values," he complained. "They squander their money on bubble gum and movies."

However, in New York City alone, public-school students are saving nickels and dimes to the tune of almost \$11,500,000 in more than 500,000 savings accounts. "The pupils are to be congratulated on their thrift, particularly in these inflationary times," the Board of Education proudly announces.

And back home on the farm—from the New England maple-sugar lots, through the Western wheat-lands and to the Pacific orchards—county agents and Grange leaders will tell you of thousands of boys and girls who are doing important and profitable 4-H work.

As we count America's youthful blessings, some of the other virtues like loyalty, courtesy, kindness and obedience never make a headline. But you see them every day in the smiling newsboy who comes rain or shine; in the youth who quietly splints a bird's broken wing; in the girl who happily obeys her parents.

Rather than mouth "the sour and pessimistic feelings expressed by so many of the older generation"—as a celebrated educator sadly remarks—we should find out firsthand how the heirs to America stack up. Youth doesn't fear the answer. All it resents is the parroting of unfounded criticisms.

Certainly, we can easily prove that America's children have big hearts and constructive minds. Yet, in addition, they show an aggressive social consciousness, both

national and international, that would have been comparatively rare even a decade ago.

The Camp Fire Girls, for example, have forwarded tons of relief items to foreign children, from the Balkans to the Philippines, but that wasn't enough. With youthful genius, they reduced organized charity to the individual level and, on their own, added "party kits," complete with candy, favors, dehydrated fruit juice and books of games to explain American fun to children in other parts of the world.

Last year, the Girl Scouts launched a "Clothes for Friendship" campaign to collect, repair and clean a million garments for Europe's children. Then, with their own money, they bought little extras—toys,

purses, even dolls—and packed them with the clothing.

The letters of thanks were touching. "It was all very beautiful," wrote 13-year-old Erika Babitsch of Vienna, to Troop 6 of the Girl Scouts of Leonia, New Jersey.

Thus, while we adults ineffectually debate individualism vs. collectivism, our children are effecting a 20th-century blend of the two. With integrity and compassion, with the intangible thing called character and the knack for cooperative achievement, they are fashioning a better America. By their daily thoughts and deeds, they clearly disprove the slanders that are heaped upon them so consistently, and so thoughtlessly, by the older generation.



### These Women!

"DEAR," ASKED the little woman, "is my hat on straight?"  
"Yes, yes," her husband replied impatiently, "it's absolutely straight. Now do hurry; we're late already."  
"I'm sorry," the little woman rejoined, "but I'll have to go back, then. This isn't supposed to be worn straight."  
—Capper's Weekly

THE YOUNG LADY waited patiently in the drugstore until the pharmacist was free to wait on her. "What will it be?" he asked.  
"I wonder," she asked, "if you'd read this letter from my fiancé for me. He's a doctor!"  
—RUTH COSGROVE

A VETERAN SHOPPER, one of those persons who know by some psychic instinct whether a melon is ripe or how tender a chicken will be, recently telephoned her grocer to order some snap beans.  
"Are they good?" she asked in a voice dark with suspicion. Swiftly and smoothly, the grocer assured her that they were.  
"The last ones you sent me weren't," she snapped. "Bring a bean to the telephone." The bewildered grocer did so.  
"Now break it," commanded the lady.  
There was a loud and satisfying crisp pop.  
"That's more like it," she cried, "send me some of those."—Telephony

# When Winsted Was "Hoax Town"

by ROBERT STEIN

Some amazing news stories came out of a little Connecticut village—all fictitious



YAWNING, the editor reached for the news dispatch on his desk. He read it slowly, then turned pale under his green eyeshade.

"Kennedy," he roared into an office phone, "get up to Winsted, Connecticut, right away! There's a wild man running loose there—stark naked. He just chased the town clerk into the hills."

Three hours later, the reporter got off a train in the dozing town of Winsted. He asked his way to the newspaper office, where he was greeted calmly by the sender of the dispatch — a bright-faced young man named Louis Timothy Stone. Already seated in the office were a dozen excited reporters from New York and Boston.

For two weeks, Stone and his anxious group beat their way through the Berkshire foothills, in search of the wild man. All around Winsted, frightened farmers swore they had spotted a hairy figure chasing rabbits, howling weirdly in the moonlight, uprooting small trees with his bare hands. But the searching party failed to find a trace of the monster.

One by one, the disappointed reporters trickled back to their big-city offices. Then, suddenly, the

last of the newspapermen—Deacon Terry of the New York *Recorder*—announced that he had unearthed the wild man. Next day, his paper published an exclusive picture of the shaggy brute that had caused all the trouble—a stray jackass.

That was in August of 1895. Exposure of the prank had readers all over the country howling with laughter. Red-faced editors admitted that they had been taken in by a small-town hoax, and promptly forgot about Winsted. But two months later another dispatch rolled off young Stone's typewriter.

"Winsted, October 9—A whale caught in a large pond near here today had the initials of Jonah carved on its tail. The whale was so old it came apart as soon as it was taken from the water."

Next day, an angry reporter burst into Stone's office at the Winsted *Evening Citizen*. "Now let's settle these fakes once and for all," he demanded. "Show me that whale."

"Fakes?" asked Stone quietly, a wounded look creeping into his eyes. "Didn't you read my dispatch? The whale came apart as soon as they took it from the water. But I'll show you the spot where it's buried. We held a public funeral in the town square."

After that, editors stopped demanding proof for Winsted miracles;

discovering that their readers enjoyed Stone's whopping stories, they began to accept them gleefully. In the next 38 years, more than 100 amazing tales came out of Winsted, earning it the undisputed title of "America's Hoax Town."

A Winsted farmer reported dropping his false teeth into Highland Lake. Two months later, while fishing, he hauled in a big-mouthed bass—wearing the false teeth.

Soon afterward, a railroad engineer was astounded to see a Plymouth Rock hen hop onto his locomotive cowcatcher at Winsted. When the conductor yelled "Plymouth," the hen strutted off, leaving an egg to pay for her ride.

Other Winsted animals turned out to be no less talented. A cat with a harelip learned to whistle *Yankee Doodle*, a motherly bulldog took to hatching eggs when a foot-loose hen flew the coop, and a pet squirrel picked up the habit of brushing a Winsted farmer's shoes with its tail.

Miracles began to fly so fast in Winsted that out-of-town papers had trouble keeping up with them. One modest cow, owned by two old maids, would not allow a man to milk her. Another served up ice

cream on winter mornings, while a third, badly shaken by a barn explosion, gave butter for weeks.

Today, Winsted is a quiet town of 8,000 which manufactures clocks, hosiery, fishing tackle and electrical appliances—but no miracles. Nature went back to normal in northern Connecticut on March 13, 1933, when Stone wrote his final dispatch in this world. But even today, as you approach the town, you cross a bridge over Sucker Brook where a sign reads:

"Winsted, founded in 1779, has been put on the map by the ingenious and queer stories that emanate from this town and which are printed all over the country, thanks to L. T. Stone."

Now, more than 50 years after Winsted embarked on its career as Hoax Town, experts are still wondering why people all over the country chose to believe the weird stories. Perhaps they were bored with the ordinary run of news, one editor has suggested. Sociologists guess that it is the hypnotizing effect of seeing the stories in print. Or maybe, as a psychiatrist has said, people long to return for a little while to a childhood world where animals do marvelous things.

## The Woman Pays

EVIDENTLY, THE stoop-shouldered little man who boarded the 5:30 bus had had a hard day. His whole countenance bespoke irritability and frayed nerves. For five blocks he clung silently and tenaciously to his strap, his resentment increasing



at every lurch that jostled him against pressing fellow-strap-hangers. Then, through clenched teeth, he muttered, "My wife had better have supper ready when I get home! If she hasn't, I'll just raise hell! And, if she has, I won't eat a damn bite!"

—MRS. GLADYS DE NIO

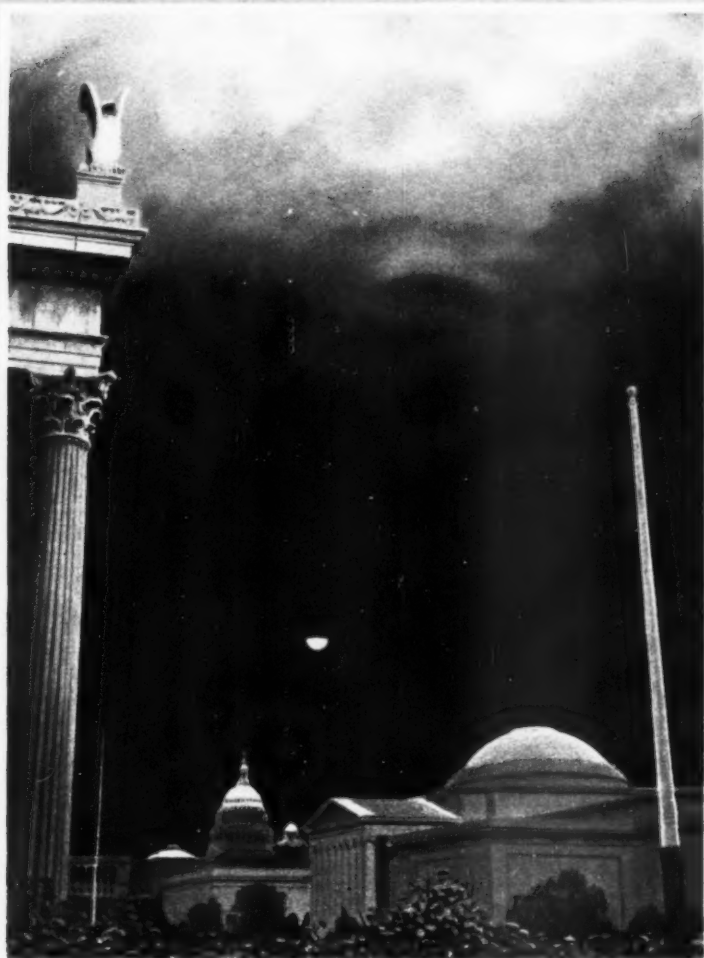


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# Seven Future Wonders of the World

The Seven Wonders of ancient times stood in majestic testament to man's artistic triumph over the handiwork of Nature. But today's restless and ever-seeking world is not content to rest upon the cultural victories of other ages. The architects of antiquity worked with sand and stone and bronze; the tools of our times are abstract formulae and miracle compounds, born of science and technology. To the world of tomorrow, they promise a new array of wonders, some to transport man to the outer realms of the universe.



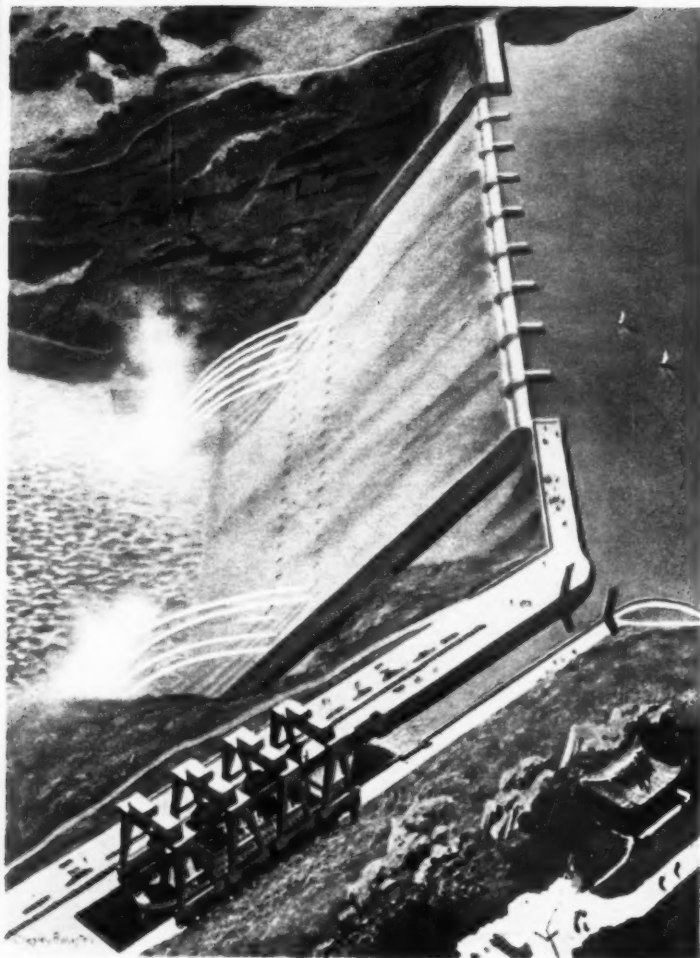
Darkness is the age-old accomplice of mystery and disaster. Fear of shadow and gloom spurred man first to find fire, then electricity—and to the discovery that these forces could work for him. Now he stands on the brink of a revelation that could turn night into day.

Scientists like Vassy of France and Kaplan of the U.S. have conceived the idea of bombarding the infinite atomic particles of space with rays which would set them aglow, illuminating vast cities and safeguarding travelers by land and air in the world of the future.



For forty years, engineers have been discussing the possibility of spanning New York Harbor to link two widely separated boroughs of that great city. A suspension bridge costing \$75,000,000, it would dwarf any other now in existence, opening up a vast, six-lane speedway.

Once, rivers and mountains effectively localized people and ideas. Now, structures like this proposed Brooklyn-to-Staten Island bridge are changing our concepts of future living, heralding the day when most people will live in the country and work in the city.



For centuries, the Chinese have watched in mute resignation as the seasonal fury of the Yangtze River roared down the gorges of central China, flooding millions of acres of farm land. To harness the Yangtze would be like turning the Mississippi into Grand Canyon, then dam-

ming it. But plans have already been laid for a huge dam to back up the Yangtze for 400 miles and generate five times as much power as America's Grand Coulee—an engineering colossus to revitalize an area where 140,000,000 people now struggle for existence.



More than 125 years ago, men jeered at a scheme to join the Great Lakes with the Atlantic by a canal. They called it "Clinton's Folly," after the New York governor who first proposed it. Yet this artery was built, as were others, each one shortening the world's

trade routes. Now, a far greater project has been conceived, and men no longer jeer. A sea tunnel, cut 190 miles through the mountainous heart of the Mexican isthmus, would eliminate the necessity for locks and slice 2,000 miles from the North American sea route.



During the late war, a military road was pushed 1,600 miles through the Canadian wilderness to Alaska, an important step in hemispheric defense solidarity. North and south, the American nations are now completing spur roads, ready to link the far corners

of two continents when the streamlined, super-cars of tomorrow are a reality. Then, a motor trip could begin near the glaciers of Alaska, pass through the jungles of central America, and reach a terminus 10,000 miles to the south, where antarctic winds buffet Cape Horn.



The 22 miles of water separating England from the European mainland once served to stave off invaders, though it slowed peacetime trade. For decades it has been the dream of farsighted statesmen and engineers to join Britain and France by a railroad tunnel under the

English Channel. Today, such an achievement lies within the realm of possibility, a potential miracle of the future world. Cutting through the water-impervious chalk 95 feet below the Channel bed, the tunnel would stretch 34 miles, linking Dover and Calais.



Today, man looks beyond the earth which has so long confined him. Lying before him is the universe—untouched by earthly beings. Tomorrow, huge balloons, dispatched from our globe, may float 1,000 miles into the ionosphere, there to circle this planet

as satellites circle Jupiter. Revolving around the earth's orbit, they will be refueling stations for space ships to the moon and to Mars. As the sailing ships of centuries ago gave a new world to our fathers, so the space ships of tomorrow shall open a new world to our children.

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## Mopping for Millions

by JOSEF ISRAELS II

The fabulous Fraads have built up a tidy business out of the untidy mess left behind as Americans work, travel and play

**I**F YOU LIVE IN THE New York area, or visit Manhattan for fun or shopping, it is certain that the fabulous Fraad family has served you, cleaned up after you, and attended anonymously to many of your wants.

Hardly any of the thousands of employees of the Fraads' Allied Maintenance Company, corporate title of the keystone in a network of companies whose business is incredibly diverse, carry the firm's name on their uniforms. They are silently content to keep some 200 big buildings clean and efficient, pick up the daily tons of trash in two of the country's largest ball parks, clean 30,000 windows a month, and carry out the many

operations necessary to ground-servicing scores of transatlantic planes at four great airports.

The Fraads call themselves specialists in "peripheral operations." But the three Fraad brothers and their dynamic 81-year-old father admit that the phrase is just a name for "doing other people's dirty work"—the jobs the public takes for granted because they are performed unobtrusively and mostly when spectators are absent.

The company employs specialists and engineers, ranging from mop-wielders to experts in structural maintenance, who make it possible for Allied to sweep and mop acres of floors, pry up tons of used chewing gum, and generally take unto themselves a myriad of housekeeping headaches. On such operations they have built, since 1888, a business that is grossing "more than five million dollars" a year.

The founder of the business,

Grandpa David Fraad, arrived from Norway in 1886 with a thin purse and a strong young son named Daniel. This son, at 81, is today the respected and active boss of Allied. He remembers how he and his father landed their first jobs with the Pennsylvania Railroad, servicing oil lamps at the Jersey City ferryhouse which then served as the line's eastern terminal. In 1910, the hard-working Fraads got the contract for cleaning and maintaining the big new Pennsylvania Station in New York.

This job, one of the biggest of its kind in the world, is still a cornerstone of Allied's fortune. Today, hundreds of Allied workers not only scour the acres of marble, concrete and glass but also clean up all way stations and signal towers along the line as far as Trenton, New Jersey. They have even branched out into such matters as repairing tunnels and building bridges when the Pennsy needed a hand.

In the great snow of 1947, Allied helped keep the right of way open by marshaling 13,000 shovelers at record speed. Using spot announcements on a dozen radio stations, Allied offered top wages, plus a hot meal a day. Within 15 minutes of the first announcement, shovelers began pouring into snow headquarters at Pennsylvania Station.

ALLIED OPERATIONS VARY greatly to fit special needs. At several top stores, including Bonwit Teller, Jay Thorpe and Saks Fifth Avenue, Fraad employees do everything except sell merchandise. Their scope includes not only cleaning and sweeping, but also running the elevators, providing impressive

doormen, and hiring a suave English butler to serve tea to one of the firm's executives and to customers.

At Ebbets Field and Yankee Stadium, Allied supplies the special guards who control the exuberance of fans, furnishes a singer to warble *The Star-Spangled Banner*, keeps the diamond's grass in super-fine playing condition, runs the scoreboard, and picks up the tons of trash after each game.

At the Museum of Modern Art, Allied crews polish floors, collect debris left by the cultured crowds, and apply their special training to the careful handling of art objects.

More than 400,000 people a day pass through Pennsylvania Station. Allied employees can calculate the total from the quantity of trash collected. Thirty-five bales of waste-paper, each weighing 500 pounds, are picked up on an average day, to say nothing of truckloads of unsalvageable trash. No wonder "Junior" Fraad, 37, youngest of the brothers, echoes the firm's despair over the possibility of people ever improving their habits of cleanliness.

The big push at Pennsylvania Station starts at midnight when 105 Allied operatives move out onto the vast stone spaces with brooms and mops. Years of experience have developed exact specifications for cleaning tools, which make such mass operations measurable in exact terms of time and motion per man. Allied knows that mop handles must be from five and a half to six feet long for men (depending on the worker's height) but no more than four feet for women.

The mops must weigh 32 ounces for men, 24 for women, and be made of cotton cord with 95 strands

to a string. The ordinary household mop won't hold enough water and would wear out in a couple of nights' hard use.

The toughest job at Penn Station is removing chewing gum. No one has yet discovered a better remover than main force applied to a sharp scraper on the end of a long handle. Allied has tried scores of suggestions from the public and chemists, ranging from complex solvents to peanut butter. But elbow grease is still the answer.

Allied's window-cleaning crews are directed by Sam Kanner, an old hand with the squeegee himself. Kanner, who has been with Allied since he hoboed to New York from Austrian Silesia via Texas in 1907, sees to it that the owners of 30,000 windows, some of them in weirdly inaccessible places, can always see clearly through the panes.

He rises at 4:30 A. M. to meet his ten or twelve crews and map out the day's program. Some cleaners, like those who daily clean Macy's great show windows, work on only one building. Others go wherever Allied has contracts.

Kanner believes the best window cleaner is likely to be a man who starts on the job when he's less than 25 and stays with it for life. He can make \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year today if he's efficient and the sort of person who pays no attention to heights or other local conditions.

Allied became specialists in cleaning the outsides of buildings when owners asked if inside spotlessness could be extended. At first it was done with sandblasting; but this damaged some types of stone facing. Today, outside cleaning is done with combinations of chemical



cleansers and high-pressure steam and water jets, which wash the surface free of its coating of city smog.

While cleaning exteriors, the Fraads began discovering dangerous deterioration of stone and steel. When they took landlords to roofs and ledges and showed them rusted metal or tons of masonry hanging by crumbled cement above unsuspecting street crowds, it was natural for the owners to ask Allied to carry out repairs.

This had two important results. Allied now has a department for structural work, specializing in a system by which concrete is blown into hard-to-reach cracks and joints. The second is Allied's structural maintenance insurance service, which advises Lloyds of London as well as top insurance companies in this country on the condition of buildings.

Recently, the city of Philadelphia asked Allied to look over the famous William Penn statue atop City Hall. Henry and Junior climbed down into Penn's cast-iron pants on one of the hottest days of summer.

"We darn near suffocated," says Junior, "but we found that Penn is okay for at least some years. Then he may need strengthening."

ANOTHER PIECE IN THE Allied business jigsaw puzzle is airport maintenance. In 1946, the Air Transport Association decided that duplication and waste in the ground servicing of planes was a major leak

in profits. At big terminals, eight air lines might maintain eight separate crews to load and unload, fuel and clean planes, while a single operation could eliminate idle time and expensive equipment.

After making "time-motion studies" of the problem, Allied took over much of the ground-crew work, first at LaGuardia and later at Boston and Gander Airports. They also got the routine job of keeping the international terminal at LaGuardia clean.

This many-sided maintenance job is not without unexpected difficulties—like the time a plane at LaGuardia arrived with 5,000 canaries from Germany. When the unloaders opened the cargo compartment, a cloud of 100 birds, liberated from broken cages, flew out.

Department of Agriculture inspectors protested stoutly at uninspected livestock thus entering the U.S. So all ground workers from porters to ramp boss were mustered into a frenzied bird hunt which eventually rounded up all but 25 of the missing singers. The 25 are now assumed to be populating the near-by Flushing Meadows.

Allied is the Fraad family. Henry

went to Annapolis, wound up as an Army colonel in World War II, and handles most of the firm's complex insurance business. Allied men are covered for big sums on all their jobs, in case carelessness might cause a loss. On the airports, the firm is insured for \$10,000,000 against possible damage to planes and passengers.

Brother Will does most of the worrying about Allied's cleaning operations, especially those for the Pennsylvania. Junior has been overseeing the expansion into aviation, and Pop Fraad comes to the office daily and has a hand in everything.

There are no such things as titles in Allied. Not only the Fraads but their supervisors cheerfully tackle anything that comes their way, from mopping to building a bridge. In fact, it is the kind of management that is always eager to find reasons and methods by which a job can be done—not excuses for calling it impossible.

The firm's only published "statement," properly certified by accountants, lists as its sole assets: "Loyal Employees, 11,789; Adept Employees, 11,789; Industrious Employees, 11,789."

## To Each His Own



**B**RYCE B. SMITH, one-time Mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, was a member of the party of American mayors that visited France in 1932. In Paris he was called upon to make a speech. He rose and spoke for 15 minutes.

"There wasn't a bit of applause,"

he recalls. "I sat down, and another man delivered a fiery oration in French. He was applauded at every pause.

"I joined in the applause until a neighbor whispered, 'I wouldn't applaud so much if I were you, Mayor. That man is interpreting your speech.'"

—Tom Cox



## Santa Fe's Mission of Mercy

by CAROL HUGHES

In adobe huts and ramshackle shanties, the gray-clad Sisters of a maternity institute are making it safer to be born

IT WAS 4:10 A.M. ON Christmas Eve in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Sister M. Theophane Shoemaker sat up sleepily as the telephone bell cut sharply through the silence of the convent. Her quiet voice said: "Maternity Institute."

An excited voice replied: "You come now, hurry please! Mamma she need you."

After a few questions, Sister Theophane said: "Tell Mrs. Martinez I'll be there shortly."

She dressed quickly in the darkness so that the other nuns would not be disturbed. Downstairs, she hurried to the record room of the Catholic Maternity Institute and took some notes from her patient's

chart. Then, checking her delivery bag to see that thermometer, baby scales, silver nitrate, green soap and all the rest of her equipment were intact, she picked up a stethoscope, tycos and medical kit and headed for the door.

As she crossed the yard to her car, she glanced up at the sky—not a sign of light yet. She shivered a little as she pulled on her worn gloves and looked wistfully toward the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. A storm was gathering and ahead lay a 40-mile stretch of desert road.

Santa Fe dropped behind and Sister Theophane increased her speed. Finally, there was a little sign above the mining town, wishing a Merry Christmas to all; then a sharp turn to the right, a steep hill, then a long walk over a dirt path to the little house. A soft



voice said from the bed: "Oh, Sister, I am so glad you are here."

Everything was in readiness for the baby's birth. On a chair by the old wood-burning stove were diapers and a little blanket. A market basket had been turned into a crib by the worn hands of Mr. Martinez, a wood carver. After taking the patient's temperature and pulse, Sister Theophane sat down to wait out the long vigil, as she had done a thousand times before.

Sister Theophane had much to remember about her mission to Santa Fe. As a nurse-midwife to poverty-stricken mothers, she recalled hundreds of nights of driving alone, hour after hour, to some Indian pueblo or the shanty of an unemployed Mexican family. She remembered, too, cold suppers, miry roads, wretched hovels, long hours—and grave responsibilities.

It had begun on a bleak November day in 1943 when two sisters arrived at Santa Fe. They wore soft gray habits, with royal-blue veils about their faces. They were young and highly educated. In all the world there were just about 150 of their order—and the usual mission had been to India.

They were two of the Medical Mission Sisters, equipped and qualified as nurse-midwives, to render aid to expectant mothers, including prenatal care, delivery, aftercare, and to train others in their work.

They had come to New Mexico because it was the one place in America that offered the most urgent need for their services. The U. S. Public Health Service in 1945 had given the state the highest infant-mortality rate in the Union.

It was heartbreaking work in the beginning. New Mexico is a state of long and lonely roads, of isolated Indian pueblos and remote Mexican villages. The Sisters fought snow by day and often worked by lantern at night. They drove cars and walked miles, carrying bags and medical kits. But the physical handicaps were mild compared to their responsibilities.

It is one thing to be on maternity service in a hospital where an obstetrician is always within call, but it is quite another to be on your own, 30 miles from town in a desert village with no phone—and the lives of a mother and child in your hands.

The two women had come well-equipped for their job. They were Sister M. Helen Herb and Sister Theophane, both trained at the Maternity Center Association School for Nurse-Midwifery in New York City. The shocking figures published by the Public Health Service had brought together the Archbishop of Santa Fe, the New Mexico Department of Health and the U. S. Children's Bureau to attempt some solution.

The Archbishop invited two of the Medical Mission Sisters to come to Santa Fe, and arranged for them to begin work at the Catholic Clinic, which already offered prenatal service to the community.

For ten months the Sisters labored, going out at all hours of day

and night, making all deliveries in homes, and often working 20 hours without rest. The number of infant deaths decreased; but in their hearts the Sisters knew that other help must be provided somehow. Larger quarters were needed for the maternity-care program—and a school to train others to be nurse-midwives.

In August, 1944, the Sisters were able to rent an old house six blocks from the Plaza, the heart of Santa Fe, and in February, 1945, they officially opened the Nurse-Midwifery School, affiliated with the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

"And then," laughs Sister Theophane, "we really *did* go to work!"

No person is better equipped for the job of director than Sister Theophane, a slender, blue-eyed woman, as pretty as she is gay. When Sister Herb was sent back to the mother house, the Catholic Institute brought on Sister M. Michael Waters, as co-worker. Now there are five of the Sisters at the Maternity Institute. They are a serious, hard-working group, yet there are times when the old Institute rings with laughter.

Sister Theophane is the guiding hand. She runs the directorial end of the Institute, delivers babies, gives lectures, and has found time to write a comprehensive history of nurse-midwifery in the U. S. Confronted with a glorified article that a news weekly intended to publish, she scoffed: "Good heavens, don't let that get into print! Our work sounds like we are the saviors of New Mexico."

She has no idea "how many babies she has delivered." She does

not consider that her lonely vigils and her all-night work are any more than the job calls for. Candidly she says: "I know some writers would like to whoop a bit about our work, but there ought to be recognition for the help the New Mexico Public Health Department and the U. S. Children's Bureau have given."

ONE OF THREE SUCH institutes in America (the other two are the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky and the Maternity Center Association in New York), the Santa Fe Nurse-Midwifery School is always busy. The faculty consists of five full-time nurse-midwives, two clinic obstetricians, and a pediatrician who teaches. The school is open to Catholics and non-Catholics, and the course runs six months. Professional registered nurses who have had at least two years' experience and a minimum of two months' training in public-health nursing are eligible.

One of the most essential qualifications is rugged health, for midwifery entails long hours, travel in all kinds of weather, and faithfulness. Each student must conduct 20 deliveries alone, in order to fulfill the course, but actually she will have taken part in many more before she graduates.

To the outsider, clinic day at the Institute is full of pathos and tragedy. On that day, any and all come to the Sisters and unceremoniously drop various burdens in their laps. The day may bring up to 30 people from all walks of life.

A girl of 17 comes in. Her dress is threadbare. Her face is too sad and taut for one so young. She has

come to the end of the trail, for she is one of the unwed ones. She seems to know that life must go on, but doesn't know why.

An old Mexican appears in shabby overalls. He says simply: "You come. Doctor say mamma has T.B.—baby is sick too."

One of the gray-clad Sisters rises quietly and follows him out. They had known the worst, but had sent a doctor to tell him. Now his shoulders straighten a bit, as if he knows that things will somehow be better—the Sister is going with him.

All day the room is filled with little people who are trying to face a life that momentarily has them by the scruff of the neck. And amidst so much heartbreak, the Sisters move with smiles and gentle words, and somehow the burdens seem to lift for a moment.

Meanwhile, one of the most important Institute activities is taking place in the Mothers' Class upstairs. Here the young and the old are learning all about taking care of their babies. Here are happiness and good humor, interest and fun. For one of the Sisters is showing the mothers how to bathe their babies and how to feed them, and the fearful part of birth is over.

There is a film showing all the steps of baby care immediately after birth. Then the Sister, knowing

that many of her mothers have never before seen a film, takes a life-size doll, a tub, warm water, thermometer, oil, washcloths and the inevitable diapers, and gives a practical demonstration. Every day these practical and lifesaving activities are repeated in the Maternity Institute. And as they are repeated, a slow but steady decline is taking place in infant mortality.

AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE afternoon, Sister Theophane returns from her long Christmas Eve vigil. Glee-fully she tells the other Sisters of the nine-pound boy she has delivered to the happy Martinez family. Then she begins the task of cleaning the delivery bag, sterilizing the instruments and refitting for the next call, for there are no nurses or hospital attendants waiting to do the work. She knows, too, that even before she goes to bed that night, another call may come and she may have to go out again.

But there is a happy smile on her tired face, for, to Sister Theophane, life offers no higher calling than her ministry to these builders of future worlds. Quietly she says: "One never knows what lies in the heart and future of a child in an adobe hut. Once there was an Abraham Lincoln, and he must have looked pretty hopeless, too."



### Narrow Escape

A YOUNG COUPLE was window-shopping at Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue, New York, the other day when a small boy came out,

munching candy. He was about to discard the candy wrapper when his mink-coated mother cried: "Roger, NOT in front of Tiffany's!"







## BENEATH AN APPLE TREE

A TIRED, ECCENTRIC Irish clergyman, much in love with nature, was wandering through the countryside one summer day when a thunderstorm came up.

Near the roadside was a large apple tree, but when he hastened to its protecting branches he found a party of young people already huddled there. One girl was weeping convulsively. The drenched clergyman asked why.

"Oh, sir," she choked, "we were on our way to church to be married."

"Is this the young man?" asked the cleric, nodding to the youth at her side.

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"Never mind the storm," the cleric said. "I'll wed you two, here and now."

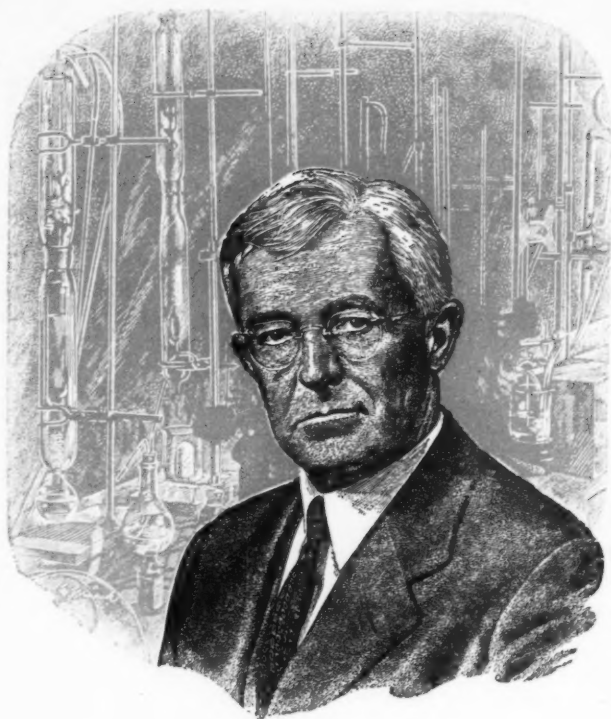
Opening his prayer book, he read the marriage service to the dramatic accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Then he tore a leaf from his book and wrote and signed a certificate, handing it to the now-radiant bride.

"Under a tree in stormy weather I married this man and woman together; let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder."

None of the wedding party seemed to recognize the signature "Dean Swift," so he snatched back the paper and added "Author of *Gulliver's Travels*."

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME  
CLEVELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



## LANGMUIR: Miracle Man of Science

His unorthodox pioneering has laid the groundwork for many great inventions

by HAL BURTON

**T**HE MOST ASTOUNDING man in modern science is a spry, peppery, white-haired miracle worker named Irving Langmuir, who has been busy proving for the last 40 years that the way to make great discoveries is not to go looking for them. Rebel and skeptic, he has

flouted every rule by which "practical" scientists are governed.

Yet every time you flick a switch and flood a room with light, Langmuir's unorthodox pioneering is saving you money. Every time you turn on the radio, words and music flow from the loud-speaker partly

because Langmuir wanted to satisfy an insatiable curiosity about some obscure scientific phenomena. Even man-made weather, which may some day change the face of the globe, was born in Langmuir's inquiring mind as a by-product of "impractical" research.

At the age of 68, when most men are content to relax, Langmuir still pursues his abstract studies with inexhaustible energy. He is a Nobel Prize winner; he is one of the great thinkers of our time; and his achievements have revolutionized the techniques of research, not only in the General Electric Laboratories at Schenectady, where he is associate director, but in great industries all over the nation.

Since 1909, when he first joined GE, Langmuir has been busy confirming his belief in serendipity—the discovery of valuable things by unexpected occurrences. "In research," he says, "you often make the most interesting discoveries unexpectedly. But they cannot be dismissed as happy accidents. Knowledge, training, or both, may put you in a position where things happen."

Thus the gas-filled electric bulb, which put billions of wasted kilowatt hours to work, grew out of an unexpected discovery. And radio, another multibillion-dollar business, became a reality largely because of Langmuir's curiosity about electrons, those infinitesimal particles that flow through a burning bulb at the rate of trillions a second.

Like a chain reaction, Langmuir's pure research jumped from one great discovery to another. His experiments with electricity in vacuum led to the Coolidge X-ray tube, far more powerful than doctors had

thought possible. Later, the same work produced the atomic hydrogen process for welding metals. This discovery paid a huge cash dividend by permitting the fabrication of the first sealed-in electric-refrigerator units.

To win the Nobel Prize, Langmuir discovered a method for producing single layers of molecules, and devised a system for measuring these invisible elements, even when they were only one ten-millionth of an inch thick. Finally, his curiosity about gases and vapors led to the discovery that man could make snow. As a gigantic extension of this project, Langmuir and his protégé, Vincent J. Schaefer, have now found a way to produce rain by dropping small quantities of water into cumulus clouds.

THE MAN WHO WAS to become one of the world's great scientists undertook his first research at the age of six. His older brother, Arthur, later a noted chemist, held a bottle of chlorine under young Irving's nose. Irving took a deep sniff, and nearly strangled. His alarmed parents called a doctor, and the boy was sick in bed for three days.

This rude introduction to science did not discourage young Irving. At the age of nine, he set up his own workshop; at 12, his own laboratory. Even then, he pursued research with the same passionate interest that was to mark his later life.

"His brain is working like an engine all the time," his mother wrote a friend from Paris, where the Langmuir family was living.

After schooling in Paris, Irving returned to the U. S., was graduated from Columbia University

with an average grade of 94, and then went back to Europe for three years of postgraduate work.

An unusual invitation brought him to General Electric. For three years, Langmuir had been teaching chemistry at Stevens Institute. In the summer of 1909, he was one of a group of promising young scientists invited to spend some time at Schenectady. Langmuir was simply told: "Look around, see what interests you most, and go to work on it."

What interested him most was a freakish scientific problem connected with tungsten filaments, recently developed for electric lamps. When alternating current flowed through the filaments, they became brittle, and often broke. Another scientist might have devoted himself to improving the filaments. But Langmuir approached the subject from the viewpoint of pure research.

He was not interested in the fact that the filaments persisted in breaking; he was intrigued by the seemingly unimportant fact that, when tungsten was heated to 3,500 degrees Centigrade—far hotter than any lamp filament ever before used—gases were given off by the glowing metal.

Within three months, Langmuir found that they had nothing to do with the brittleness. But he had discovered something else, equally puzzling. When air was exhausted from bulbs, leaving a near-vacuum, some traces of gas remained. And these, instead of multiplying, seemed to disappear when the filament was heated.

This discovery, which appeared to have no practical value, launched Langmuir on three years of seemingly pointless research. One day,



Dr. Willis R. Whitney, founder of the GE laboratories, asked him how he was getting along.

"I feel guilty," he confessed. "I'm having fun, and I'm not even thinking where this will lead me."

"Don't worry," said Dr. Whitney, smiling. "As long as you're having fun, that's all that matters."

So Langmuir continued his relentless research. Finally he fitted together all the independent and seemingly unimportant discoveries he had made. The result was the gas-filled lamp, which electrical engineers estimate has saved us a million dollars a day and released nearly a fourth of the nation's power output for new industrial uses.

Next, Langmuir took off on a new job of research that seemed pointless to many literal-minded engineers of his day. According to accepted theories, the electrons that flowed by the trillions from lamp filaments should have made it impossible to produce a bulb that worked. Yet the gas-filled lamp *did* work, and the intense young scientist wanted to know why.

Complex investigations led Langmuir to another new conclusion—that it should be possible to do something engineers said couldn't be done. This "something" was to produce a large flow of current in very high vacuum, and at very high voltages. He did it; and at one stroke made possible a vastly more

powerful X ray. Tubes of million-volt capacity, used by all large industries to search out hidden flaws in metal, exist today as a monument to Langmuir's stubborn persistence.

From this work with X rays, Langmuir's questing mind focused on another vacuum tube—the audion, developed in 1906 by Lee De Forest, pioneer of radio broadcasting. In itself, the audion tube had only limited power; it could not be used with high voltages.

The last thing Langmuir had in mind was a tube that could be used for radio broadcasting or reception. He was simply indulging scientific curiosity. Already, he had established with the X ray that tubes of immense power could be constructed by using a vacuum a thousand times better than any hitherto known. By applying this principle to the audion, he was able to control 10,000 volts of power and—though he didn't realize it at the time—to carry the human voice to the ends of the earth.

Langmuir's final discoveries came in 1915, at almost the same moment that Bell Telephone engineers, working independently on an amplifying tube, reached their goal. At General Electric, however, the Langmuir tube was regarded as an interesting device, with no practical application. "At the time," Langmuir recalls today, "nobody was even thinking about radio."

By now, Langmuir had acquired such eminence that if he had wanted to take a rocket trip to the moon, General Electric would not have doubted his ability to do so. Consequently, when he decided to undertake a study of molecules—a strange project to be financed by a

manufacturing firm—he was given every facility for work.

Soon, he was able to lay a single layer of oil molecules on the surface of water, one ten-thousandth of an inch thick. Then he reduced this figure to one ten-millionth of an inch. Finally, through the experiments of an assistant, Dr. Katharine Blodgett, he produced as many as 200 layers of fatty acids on a single glass or metal plate, and "read" these films by their varying colors. Thanks to his work, scientists can now identify individual toxins and viruses, a matter of vast importance in man's fight against disease.

Surface chemistry such as this, which won Langmuir the Nobel Prize in 1932, has a future that staggers the imagination. The tiniest quantities of chemical substances, invisible to the naked eye, can be measured accurately. Langmuir himself proved this in dramatic fashion by measuring a single atom of caesium, a feat equivalent to locating a fly in a hollow sphere the size of the earth.

A MIND AS KEEN and inquisitive as Langmuir's is not satisfied to labor entirely on laboratory problems. In the middle '20s, he decided to learn how to fly his own plane, and deliberately put it into a tail spin the first time he went up. He was able to save himself because he had carefully calculated beforehand just what was going to happen. Before he quit flying in 1937, he had acquired a private pilot's license, and knew how to handle a glider.

Charles A. Lindbergh once asked Langmuir which he liked better, flying or skiing. "Skiing," Langmuir replied promptly. Almost ev-

ery winter he collects the whole Langmuir clan for a holiday in the Green Mountains. In his younger days he was a brilliant mountain climber, and ascended the Matterhorn at the age of 40 without a day's physical conditioning.

When his own son, Kenneth, did not become a scientist, Irving Langmuir lavished fatherly care on three nephews. Alexander is an epidemiologist; David is an assistant to Dr. Arthur Compton in government research, and Robert is a physicist at California Institute of Technology. A grandnephew, Donald Langmuir, is interested in geology. When Langmuir discovered this, he promptly took the youngster on half a dozen motor trips to mines and quarries in upstate New York.

Langmuir works wherever he happens to be. Often he retires to his camp on an island in Lake George, approximately 60 miles away. After studying profound mathematical problems for a while, he will go sailing on the lake, and relax by calculating the interval between whitecaps.

"Many of my best ideas come at 5 in the morning," he says. "If I wake up, I go right back to sleep, and put them down on paper later on."

Langmuir's idea of fun is to have a few friends in for supper, and

occasionally he displays to them his prowess as an amateur chef. Most evenings, he sits home with Mrs. Langmuir and plays Russian Bank, the only card game he likes.

Currently, Langmuir is absorbed in the greatest scientific challenge to come his way—the problem of weather. Chance, plus a passionate interest in natural phenomena, put him on the track of man-made rain and snow. During the war, he used his studies of gases and vapors to create a smoke generator. Then he went directly into the study of artificially created precipitation.

Schaefer, his assistant, made the actual discovery that snow could be created by scattering dry ice through supercooled clouds, but Langmuir has always been in charge of this fascinating work. His laboratory experiments have now progressed to the point where he is able to foresee a time when man will be able to divert snow or rain from big centers of population.

At 68, Irving Langmuir continues to produce new miracles from his laboratory. What will he discover next? Langmuir himself doesn't know, but he says he will keep on working as long as he has fun. It is a doctrine that has made him one of America's great scientists, and has enriched the entire world.

## Squeeze Play

THE ARDENT YOUNG sophomore insisted on dancing too closely with the attractive blonde to whom he had just been introduced at the prom. Frowning, she pushed him away for the third time, patted



the suffering gardenias in her corsage, and said:

"Listen, Lothario. I'm one of those old-fashioned girls who'd rather have her flowers pressed in a book than in public." —*Wall St. Journal*

# The INCREDIBLE Ant

Its ingenuity, industry and remarkable intelligence place the tiny insect high in the ranks of Nature's great achievements

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

THE OTHER DAY, a small red ant was trekking across the gleaming white desert formed by the enameled top of our kitchen range. In its wanderings, it came upon a few grains of spilled sugar. The insect stopped, turned, hurried away across the top and down one of the legs of the stove.

A few minutes passed. Then, up the leg, running single file and at top speed, came a procession of other ants. How had the scout told them of the sugar? How were they able to run directly to the food?

The life of the ant is filled with riddles of this kind. No other insect is more familiar to us—or more mysterious. With its instinctive wisdom and ingenuity, the tiny insect is to lower animals what man, with his intelligence, is to the higher animals—tops. And the activities of men and ants have many parallels.

Ants tend gardens. Ants have pets. Ants harvest grain. Ants store up food. Ants keep cows which they milk, put out to pasture and

sometimes even protect with sheds.

I was following a path along a swamp not long ago when I noticed a score of brownish ants walking about on a tall weed. I turned over one of the leaves and there I found what I expected. Massed together, their little sucking beaks inserted in the plant tissues as they drained away sap, were numerous tiny green aphides or plant lice. The ants were insect milkmaids. The aphides were their cows.

As a by-product of sap drinking, the aphides give off a sweet fluid known as honeydew. It is the milk of the ants. Long before man began keeping livestock—in truth, long before man appeared on earth—ants were enjoying this dish. For ants and plant lice have been found together in prehistoric amber millions of years old. And you can still find them together if you take a summer walk across a weed lot.

In return for honeydew, the aphides are protected by the ants. One species, *Crematogaster lineolata*, which gets honeydew from aphides on dogwood, goes so far as to con-

struct little earthen stables around the twigs to protect the feeding plant lice. Even more surprising is the sequence of events that aids the cornroot aphid.

Ants take the immature plant lice into their nests in the fall and protect them during the winter. When spring comes, they dig to the roots of smartweed and place the aphides where they can obtain sap until the cornfields are planted. Then, as soon as the corn is established, the ants return, dig up the aphides, carry them to the corn hills and, digging once more, place them in contact with the roots. Here the aphides remain, feeding and producing honeydew for the rest of the summer.

In addition to honeydew, innumerable other foods nourish the ants. One harvester ant in southern Europe specializes in collecting small clover seeds. It stores them underground until germination has split the outer shell. Then it brings them to the surface and chews the seeds into a kind of dough from which it forms little biscuits. These are dried in the sun before being stored away for the tiny creatures' winter food supply.

Leaf-cutting ants in our Southwest go even farther. They raise their own food in subterranean gardens. Their crop is a certain kind of fungus which they grow on decaying leaves. Just as a gardener pulls weeds, the ants remove unwanted kinds of fungus from their beds. When one of the young queens of a leaf-cutting colony takes off on the dispersal flight, she carries a bit of the fungus in a special pouch. From it, she starts gardens for her new home.

This dispersal flight is the great event of the year for the ant—a kind of insect Fourth of July. At that time, the winged males and young queens of the colony leave the home nest in mass exodus. I remember once coming upon a stretch of open sand on a hillside just as ants from a dozen colonies were preparing for this aerial event. It was 5 o'clock in the evening. After two days of rain, the sky had cleared.

Clustered in masses at the opening of each nest were the winged insects. They waited motionless, minute after minute. Then at some signal of which I was unaware they began pouring from all the holes simultaneously. Perhaps it was the temperature, perhaps the humidity, perhaps a combination of things. At any rate, something pulled the trigger and, at the same instant, ants in widely separated nests came tumbling out.

During their one annual trip into the sky, these earth dwellers spread their species over a wide area. When the queens descend, after mating, they never use their wings again. Upon alighting, the insect bites or breaks off her wings. The great muscles that supported her aloft are later assimilated by her body to provide nourishment during the early days of establishing the new colony.

In that colony, as in the beehive, there are three kinds of insects: the queen, largely an egg-laying machine; the workers, undeveloped females that form the vast bulk of the population; and the winged males that appear shortly before the dispersal flight.

The underground cities of the



ants sometimes last for years, sometimes have a population of more than 100,000 inhabitants. Each is a little nation in itself. It is held together by smell, for a common odor is the invisible flag under which the inhabitants live.

An ant from another colony may look identical. No test we can make reveals a difference. Yet the ants know. Place the "foreigner" in the entrance of the wrong nest and it is attacked at once.

An exception to the rule is found in the case of tiny aromatic beetles. While they have no more practical value to the colony than lap dogs have to humans, the ants make pets of them. Some years ago, Dr. William Morton Wheeler of Harvard University listed approximately 400 minute creatures that are permitted to live unmolested in the nests of ants. In fact, the ants have domesticated more different kinds of creatures than man has.

**I**F YOU HAVE EVER WATCHED an ant leave the nest and go long distances from home, you must have wondered how it kept from getting lost. The answer lies largely in a superdelicate sense of smell located in its feelers. An ant follows its feelers through life. Remove its antennae and it is forever lost.

When the single-file of small red ants mounted our kitchen range, a trail of formic acid was leading them. This chemical is found in the bodies of all ants. Their scientific name, the *Formicidae*, reflects its importance. The scout ant that

found the sugar on the stove had laid down a trail by ejecting this chemical as it ran.

But this is only a partial explanation of the events that took place in our kitchen. How were the other ants summoned? How do ants communicate?

The British entomologist, R. W. G. Hingston, once made an interesting experiment. He cut a dead grasshopper into three pieces, the second piece twice the bulk of the first, the third twice the bulk of the second. These bits he placed where ant scouts would be certain to find them. As each ant discovered its prize, it hurried back to the nest to summon help.

Forty minutes later, the scientist counted the number of ants gathered about each piece of grasshopper. There were 28 of the insects at the smallest fragment, 44 at the intermediate one, and 89 at the largest piece. These numbers roughly double one another, and are approximately in the same proportion as the bulk of the pieces of food. The different scouts had summoned parties proportional to the needs of the task at hand. But how?

When workers meet on an ant highway, they often stop and tap antennae, seemingly questioning each other in deaf-and-dumb language. This perhaps is their mysterious form of communication. One European scientist years ago compiled an "Ant Dictionary," listing what he thought different kinds of antennae taps, light and hard, meant. The truth is, the communication of the ants is still one of the many unsolved riddles connected with their lives.

Although we do not know how,

the work of the anthill is apportioned efficiently. In some nests, this organization even includes the activity of slaves or servants. Raiding parties bring them back in the form of young ants in pupal stage. It is these pupae within white silken envelopes which are carried wildly about by workers when an anthill is disturbed. They are commonly mistaken for eggs.

Some species of ants have been waited upon by servants for so many centuries that they have lost the power to feed themselves. Although the ant is the symbol of industrious self-sufficiency, these species literally die in the presence of plenty if there are no servants around to feed them. In the ordinary colony, however, any worker that is hungry can obtain nourishment from any other worker. Food, regurgitated from the crop, is passed from ant to ant.

"When we consider the habits of the ants," wrote Lord Avebury, pioneer English student of these insects, "their social organization, their large communities, their elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals and even, in some cases, of slaves, it must be admitted that these remarkable insects have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

Around the world, this instinctive wisdom is in evidence. Ants are to be found everywhere, in jungles and deserts, in the heart of Manhattan and London and Paris, on the slopes of the Rockies and Himalayas and Andes. They have been on earth for 50,000,000 years; 3,500 different species are known to science. In light of their attainments, surely it is safe to say that the ant is one of Nature's great successes.



### The Marital Maze



THE LITTLE GIRL showed unusual interest in the church wedding and then suddenly turned to her mother with a puzzled expression.

"Did the lady change her mind?" she whispered to her mother.

"Why, no, what makes you think that?"

"'Cause she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another," the child replied.

—Reading R. R. Magazine

TWO MEN WHO HAD been bachelor cronies, and then gone their separate ways, met for the first time in five years.

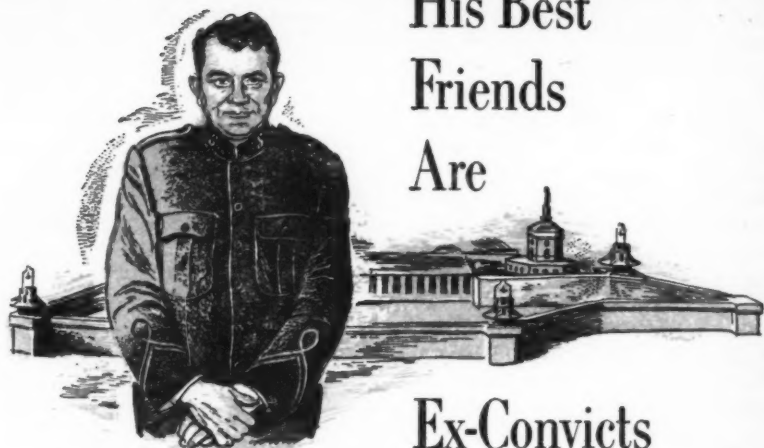
"Tell me, Tom," said one, "did you marry that girl, or do you still darn your own socks and do your own cooking?"

"Yes," was Tom's reply.

WE CONGRATULATED a lady, on her silver wedding anniversary, for living 25 years with the same man.

"But he is not the same man he was when I first got hold of him," she replied.

—The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest by H. V. PROCHNOW; copyright 1942 by HARPER & BROS.



## His Best Friends Are

## Ex-Convicts

A Salvation Army official has given thousands of parolees a new start in life

by **DAVID DEMPSEY**  
and **DAN HERR**

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, a letter came to the Salvation Army's Eastern headquarters in New York City from a prisoner in Texas. A native New Yorker (whom we will call Davis), he needed someone to sponsor his parole.

From dozens of fellow convicts, he had heard the magic phrase, "Captain Sheppard will help you." Was there such a person, and would he take a chance on a man who had been branded a vicious criminal?

Capt. J. Stanley "Red" Sheppard, head of the Salvation Army's Men's Prison Bureau for the East, answered the letter personally. He had "taken a chance" on thousands of ex-convicts. Helping them go straight was his business. He agreed to sponsor the man's parole, and

forwarded the necessary papers to the warden.

Davis appeared in his office a few weeks later. At Sheppard's request, he stripped off his shirt. Scarred furrows in his back from a whip testified to his reputation as an incorrigible prisoner.

Sheppard then went to work on him. A blunt-speaking, down-to-earth man, he made it plain that he was no easy mark for sob stories or fake repentances. If Davis toed the mark—if he *wanted* to go straight—the Salvation Army would help him. To prove it, Sheppard found him a job and helped him to re-establish a home.

Every month for two years, Davis "reported in." Sheppard listened to his problems, offered encouragement. At the end of the parole, he wrote to the Governor of Texas: "I have worked with thousands of

ex-convicts, and I have found this man to be one of the most respectful and kindly of all. I am convinced that his law-breaking days are over."

The Governor was amazed by the report, but on Sheppard's recommendation granted the man a full pardon. Hollywood might have written the ending to this story, for Davis today owns a successful business in Manhattan, has a home in the suburbs, and two fine children.

He is but one of untold thousands who belong to the strangest fraternity in the United States—men with a criminal past whom the Salvation Army's prison bureau has helped to get back on their feet. There is no formal membership, no schedule of meetings; the men are not even known to one another. But most of them know "Red" Sheppard. In 33 years at this unusual job, he has aided nearly 7,000 former convicts a year.

All of his conversions are by no means as smooth as Davis', nor do they end as happily. Some 8,000 pleas for help come to his office every year from men who have been, or are about to be, discharged from prison. For about a third of those men whom he aids, the old temptations are too strong and his work is in vain—although "sometimes we get them on the second bounce and make it stick," he says. But the majority are successfully rehabilitated.

Consider the case of John, a husky, raw-boned boy whose father was a police chief in a New England town. A mother who was slowly going insane created an unhappy family situation, against which John rebelled. He became a truant

and a bully, and was finally sentenced to a state home for delinquents. Shortly after he was released, his mother died and the father married a woman who took a dislike to the boy.

John felt himself an outsider. As in the case of many young delinquents, resentment against his home was transferred to society, and he was on the verge of a crime career when the father brought him to Sheppard.

The Captain got him a room in New York, a job, and—a few months later—paid for a correspondence course in radio mechanics. The boy studied for a year and a half, and Sheppard found an opening for him as a radio technician. John made good and was transferred to a better job in the Midwest. Today, he runs his own business and is a useful citizen.

**S**HEPPARD'S PHILOSOPHY—which is the Salvation Army's approach to the "down and out" in every walk of life—is simple and effective. "Help the man regain his self-respect by showing him that someone cares. Get him a job, a place to live, something to live for."

One Eastern county penitentiary releases thousands of men each year with but ten cents in their pockets. These men have served short terms, but whether they go straight or not depends, in innumerable cases, on how quickly "Red" Sheppard can get hold of them. He begins before they are discharged, visiting prisons regularly, conducting services, interviewing prisoners and discussing their cases with prison officials.

When they gain their freedom, his office, if necessary, will provide

enough money for immediate needs. If the man is married, an apartment or house is found for the family, and furniture is supplied from the Army's warehouses.

Finding a job is next, and no effort is spared to surmount this most critical obstacle to rehabilitation. Many companies will not hire ex-convicts, but others—the Ford Motor Company and the Bethlehem Shipyards are two—will not necessarily hold a prison record against a man who is leading an honest life now. Sheppard works closely with such companies, as well as with placement agencies.

Men eligible for parole cannot be released from some prisons unless they have a job waiting. One man had written 400 letters of application without receiving a reply. Disconsolate, he had given up trying when Sheppard took over his case and got him a job.

"You must have infinite patience and faith in the decency of man," Sheppard declares. "One of our mottoes—'Go for souls and go for the worst'—is nowhere more applicable than in prison work."

Sheppard's activities in his territory of 11 Eastern states are duplicated by the Salvation Army's prison bureaus throughout the world. Since 1882, when the Prison Gate Brigades were organized to aid discharged prisoners in England, the Salvation Army has done much to salvage these social outcasts. It has long fought inhuman and cruel punishment, and assisted the French Government in liquidating the notorious penal colony of Devil's Island.

In the U. S. alone in 1948, the Army helped 38,000 released pris-

oners, standing parole for more than 3,200. Its representatives visited 753 prisons and personally talked with some 124,000 inmates—about half of all those imprisoned.

SHEPPARD'S BIRTHPLACE was Derby, England, but he was brought to America while an infant. He spent his childhood traveling with his Salvationist parents, and the music of tambourines and singing of hymns are among his earliest memories. He started his career as a photoengraver for Salvation Army publications, then became Eastern head of the Naval and Military League, which supervised the Army's spiritual and social activities for servicemen. When prison work was expanded in 1917, he was put in charge of the bureau serving New York and other states along the Atlantic.

Sheppard's 33 years on the job have grayed his once-fiery red hair, but his speech is still filled with colorful slang. Tough and two-fisted, he has taken away more than 70 guns from ex-convicts, plus a variety of blackjacks, night sticks, brass knuckles and knives. Once he knocked out a man to keep him from committing suicide. And twice he has looked up from his desk to face a loaded pistol.

One morning he received a series



of phone calls—all from ex-convicts whom he had helped make a fresh start. They warned him that "Ben," a former parolee of Sheppard's, had worked up an imaginary grievance and was threatening his life.

Ben appeared later that day, his hand swathed in newspapers to conceal a gun. Sheppard was ready for him. "Put that gun on the desk and sit down!" he ordered.

The startled ex-convict momentarily lowered his arm and found himself looking into the muzzle of Sheppard's revolver, which he keeps in his desk for self-protection. Today, the man is confined in a hospital for the insane.

Sheppard's other brush with danger came from a young tough who had served four years for burglary. Sheppard believed in him and, despite the youth's antagonistic attitude, felt that he could help him. Unfortunately, the boy fell in with a group of veteran thieves who convinced him that the Captain knew too much about his activities, and therefore should be eliminated.

When he turned up in Sheppard's office with a gun, the older man feigned amusement. "You're not serious about this, are you?" he

said casually. Disarmed psychologically, the youth was quickly persuaded to put down the weapon. Sheppard turned him over to a Salvation Army institution for wayward youths.

Many years later, the Captain looked up from his desk to find the same man staring at him.

"Maybe you don't even remember me," the visitor said, "but try to recall being covered with a gun 19 years ago. I'm the guy who did it. I didn't want to come back to see you until I was sure I was really reformed. It's been a long time, but now I'm sure."

Experiences like these have made "Red" Sheppard unique among religious workers. At the core of his job is faith in God, but it is a hard-hitting, unsanctimonious faith.

"We live in a practical world," he says. "Real religion does not create an artificial atmosphere. Bad men are not saved merely by good phrases, but through proof that God lives for them as much as for anyone else."

Thousands of rehabilitated ex-convicts are living evidence that "Red" Sheppard's philosophy is both productive and practical.

## Split-Second Courtship

A FELLOW RUSHED UP onto the front porch of a house, opened the screen door, poked his head inside, and yelled, "Hey, Mr. Brown, can I marry your daughter? Yes or no?"

"What's your rush, young feller?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I've gotta have your answer right away," the impatient young suitor yelled back, "because I'm double parked."

—HARRY HERSHFIELD in *Radio Best*



"HENRY," MRS. WOODLEIGH plaintively remarked, "we haven't received a line from George since he went back to college. I'm worried. When did we write him last?"

"On the twelfth," replied Mr. W.

"Are you certain, dear?"

"Positive!" said Mr. W. "Looked it up this morning in my check-book!"

—Wall Street Journal

A NINE-YEAR-OLD Californian dropped in on Reno, Nevada, not long ago. He was traveling alone. When police took him in tow, he insisted his purpose in being in town was perfectly legitimate. He wanted to get a divorce from his parents.

—This Week

SMITHERS WAS PREPARING to take a solo jaunt up into the mountains when Jake, the grizzled old camp guide, stopped him to check up on his supplies.

"You gotta map and a compass?"

"Certainly," replied Smithers.

"A deck of playing cards?"

"Why, no," rejoined Smithers.

"What the heck do I need with a deck of cards?"

"It might save your life, son," old Jake replied. "I always carry a pack with me. If you get lost, son, just sit down and begin playing a game of solitaire. Next thing you know some fool will pop up behind you and begin telling you what to do next."

—Rotarian

THE WOMAN HAD only one fault to find with her maid. The girl ignored the telephone when it rang.

"You must answer the telephone, Clarisse," she told the maid in exasperation.

"Yes'm," replied the girl glumly.

"Seems kind of silly, though. Nine times out of ten, it's for you."

—Telephony

DESPERATELY IN NEED of 50 cents, the timid husband finally got up enough courage to open his pay envelope before taking it home to his wife. Surprised at the contents, he hurried back to the cashier.

"You've given me \$10 too much, I'm afraid," he stammered.

The cashier counted the bills and coins, then replied impatiently: "It's quite correct. You've probably forgotten that you got a \$10 raise last month."

The little man shrank into his collar and responded meekly: "My wife never told me."

—B & O Magazine

AFTER SPENDING nearly all his life at sea, an old sailor retired from the service. Every morning a small boy knocked on the old salt's door, went in, then came out again. After this had gone on for several weeks and the curiosity of the neighbors was aroused, one of them stopped the boy on the street.

"Say," she asked the youngster,

"why do you visit the old sailor every morning?"

"Well, he gives me ten cents," the boy replied, "if I say, 'The skipper wants to see you immediately.'"

"And what does he say then?"

"He yells: 'Tell the skipper to go to hell!'"

—NELSON POTTER

THE PERSONNEL DIRECTOR of a large Eastern business firm was interviewing a man for a job.

"How long," he inquired, "did you work at your previous place of employment?"

"Forty-five years."

"How old are you?"

"I'm 38."

"Now, wait a minute," protested the personnel man. "How could you work for 45 years when you're only 38 years old?"

"Overtime!"

—JACK SEAMAN

IN A RADIO ADDRESS, the mayor of a small town had blundered, making charges and accusations against an opponent which he himself soon realized could not be sustained. Questioned by the press about this after the meeting, the mayor denied having said what he had said. Being pushed further, he replied angrily, "Then the radio misquoted me."

—WILFRID STILL

THE FARMER HAD BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL at keeping the boys from swimming in his pond. They had ignored his signs and his repeated threats. But he finally got an idea. He consulted a city chemist and ultimately posted a sign which read: "Although Habidesthes sicculus abounds in this water, it gives no warning of its presence."

That ended the swimming in the

farmer's pond. Habidesthes sicculus is the name of a small harmless fish commonly called silversides.

—ANNA ISHERWOOD

CALLED TO EXAMINE an electric refrigerator that was using too much electricity, the service man could not find the reason.

He idly asked the cook, "How do you like the refrigerator?"

"I like it fine," she said. "I open the door and it cools off the whole kitchen."

—The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest, by H. V. PROCHNOW, copyright 1942 by HARPER & BROS.

ANXIOUS TO HAVE his fortune told, a young man entered the parlor of a swami. As he seated himself, he noticed that the swami's crystal ball had two holes in it.

"And what is the idea of that?" he asked the soothsayer.

"On Wednesday nights," said the swami, "I go bowling."

—BOSTON GLOBE

"I ORDERED A DOZEN oranges, but you sent me only ten," the housewife complained.

"Part of our service, madam," the grocer replied. "Two were bad, so we saved you the trouble of throwing them away."

—ROTARIAN

*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*



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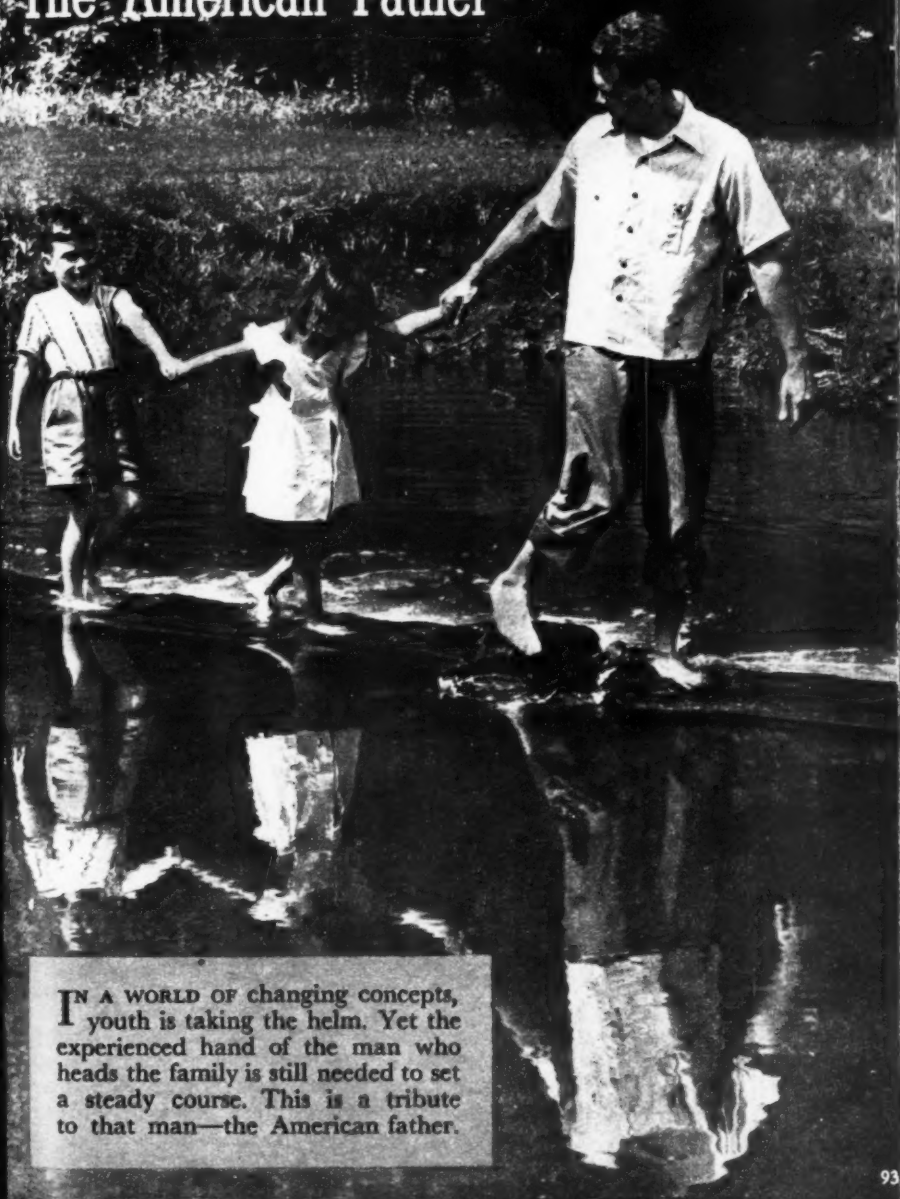
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# The American Father



**I**N A WORLD OF changing concepts, youth is taking the helm. Yet the experienced hand of the man who heads the family is still needed to set a steady course. This is a tribute to that man—the American father.



A young husband sees the blanket-swathed mite, and his first reaction is intense curiosity. Then, somehow, he seems to recognize the wrinkled frown, and his whole world changes—he's a father!



Working harder now, he starts to count pennies and dollars for a play pen or a high chair. There are new jobs at home, too, and the baby's first faltering step is a great event, a personal triumph.



The bathing and putting-to-bed chores become an intriguing challenge when they are turned over to Father. Novelty converts them into a happy, though highly practical, game for baby and him.



No matter how long the day, Dad is never too tired for a playful tussle in the evening. Romping on the lawn, the youngsters' bright, eager faces are mirrors for reflections of his own youth.



He begins to see life through the eyes of another. As he watches the child explore open fields or make friends with animals, the vast, mysterious realm of nature seems to respond to an inquiring touch.



Just as an electric train sometimes fascinates Dad, Junior is happy to help push the lawn mower, warming a parental heart with early promises of future companionship. They've become a team.



But the implication of serene trust in the sleep-laden eyes of a child is Father's most precious gift. The tousled head, nodding on his shoulder, lends a feeling of incomparable strength.



The boundless energy of youth makes those extra forty winks on Sunday morning an impossibility. The kids have planned a pageant of activity for the day, and Dad is the central character.



In the quiet, sober setting of church services, the day begins with solemn reflections. The children, learning from their parents, are beginning to understand the inner meanings of faith.



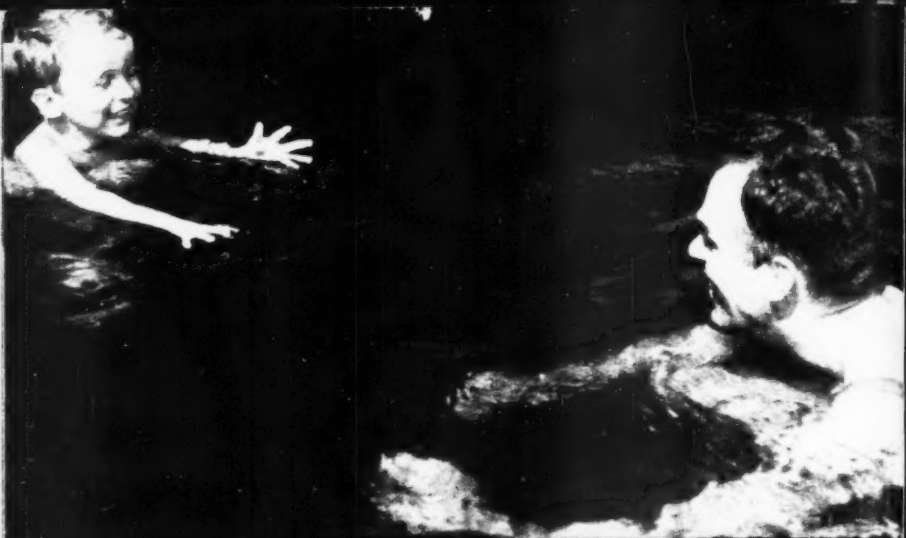
Then, only halfheartedly protesting, Dad allows himself to be led to the back lot for a ball game. His pride soars when he hears a familiar voice boast: "Watch my Pop smack this one!"



Suddenly he is aware that his son is really growing up. They work side by side now, around the house and in the garage. Questions are more pointed, and seldom now is heard the vague, "Why, Daddy?"



What used to be a husband-wife partnership has become a corporation, with full votes for the junior stockholders. When that magic new house is decided upon, they have their say in the planning.



Now the present seems to race into the past. There is so much to teach children in these fleeting years—to be self-reliant and unafraid in a world outside the familiar family circle . . .



. . . and to recognize life's true values when they must guide themselves. Will they draw strength from these untroubled days when each newly learned word is an adventure in understanding?



There is happiness in nourishing the zest for life that is youth's greatest possession. Yet there is a question: will they remember the easy freedom of today in the years of maturity to come?



Slowly the answer begins to filter through. Sharing a baseball game, a father learns that new manhood has not separated his son from him. The boy has become a companion, an alert contemporary.



Perhaps he will take his place in the small business that has slowly been built up with an eye to the future. Then Father watches gratefully as yesterday's lessons promise a bright tomorrow.



But even if sons and daughters become only "letters home," they still are not far away. Glowing reports from the city are constant reminders of a family that was born and reared to endure.



And then, one day, the miracle of birth and growth is renewed. The love of a grandson or granddaughter, enriching as only a child's love can be, is an echo from the past and the portent of a new beginning.

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# The Legend of Mata Hari



by HARLOWE R. HOYT

Here, stripped of myths and half-truths, is the story of a minor-league spy who paid for her sins before a firing squad

SHE WASN'T BEAUTIFUL. She was not a great dancer. She wasn't even much of a spy. Yet Mata Hari, the legendary espionage agent of World War I, will be remembered when Mademoiselle le Docteur, Irma Staub, Maria Sorrell and a score of others, far her superiors, are forgotten.

More than anything else, her profession established Mata Hari as a spy of the first magnitude. She danced wholly naked, delighting Europe's war centers the while she shocked them with a display of unlimited charm. She was proclaimed a modern Delilah who had shorn a hundred Samsons. But she died before a firing squad while her bureaucratic swains and espionage overlords renounced her.

Mata Hari died as she had lived—an inconsequential demimondaine transformed into an insidious spy; and, fact to the contrary, this she is bound to remain.

When his good wife Antje presented him with a daughter on August 7, 1876, Adam Zelle was the happiest man in Holland. The worthy pair christened her Margarida Gertrud, never doubting that their daughter would grow up like any of the stocky, square-headed youngsters with whom she played. But when she was 18, on vacation at The Hague, she met Campbell MacLeod.

This captain in Holland's colonial forces was a broken-down roué of forty odd, yet he awoke an amorous response in the little Dutch maiden. They were married, and 1895 found them in Java, where MacLeod was in command of an army reserve. Liquor and island skies got in their work, and he reverted to type: he beat his wife

unmercifully. In the end she left him and returned to Holland.

Six hectic years in the islands had unfitted her for the quiet of a provincial village, so she headed for Paris and adventure. In Bali, she had learned the dances of the tiny Javanese *bayas*, from whose posturings came her inspiration. No longer was she Margarida Gertrud Zelle; she was Mata Hari, "The Eye of Dawn," born in southern India to a family of sacred Brahmin caste. As the exponent of rituals never before disclosed to unbelieving eyes, she became the darling of Parisian night life and the mistress of more than one prominent politician and plotting spy.

Men found her waiting with open arms—for a price. She was put up in the Champs Elysées. She acquired jewels, and entertained as befitted a dancer-courtesan surrounded by a mob of millionaires. She accepted them with abandon, and rejected them once their purse strings drew tight.

Two years later, Mata Hari went to Berlin, where the Crown Prince was her first conquest. He took her to the military maneuvers in Silesia. The Duke of Brunswick shared her favors, as did von Jagow, the Kaiser's foreign minister. Vienna saw her exhibitions. So did Rome and Madrid. London was to come later.

There was nothing secret about her travels. Her departures and arrivals were functions attended by a train of admirers. As to nationalities, she played no favorites. French, Spanish, German, each shared equally in the privileges of admiration. Later, on trial for her life, she explained this catholicity.

"I am not French," she said. "I have my right to friends in other countries, even those at war with France. I have remained neutral."

If so, it was a neutrality tinged with a flavor distinctly Berlinoise. In her adventurings with German bureaucrats and army officers, she demanded the highest market price. Money was to be had from funds earmarked for undercover work, and some of it could be juggled to cover petty deficits. So these men shared Mata Hari and paid from this secret fund.

Once ensnared by her own avarice, she became a not-unwilling agent of the spy-masters. For the greater part, her duties consisted of picking up information confided by her dupes. But nothing in the record shows that Mata Hari had an aptitude for espionage. There is little evidence that any of her information possessed real significance. Yet, rattling back and forth between Berlin and Paris, she attracted sufficient attention to warrant being watched.

**D**URING THE FIRST YEAR of World War I, there is no record of her activities. But when she came to France in 1915, a telegram from the Italian Secret Service had preceded her:

WHILE EXAMINING PASSENGER LIST OF JAPANESE VESSEL AT NAPLES WE HAVE RECOGNIZED NAME OF THEATRICAL CELEBRITY FROM MARSEILLES NAMED MATA HARI, FAMOUS HINDU DANCER, WHO PURPORTS TO REVEAL SECRET HINDU DANCES WHICH DEMAND NUDITY. SHE HAS RENOUNCED CLAIM TO INDIAN BIRTH AND BECOME BERLINOISE. SPEAKS GERMAN WITH SLIGHT EASTERN ACCENT.



Duplicates of this message were filed in espionage headquarters of each of the Allied powers and, by this act, Mata Hari was branded a German spy. French operators followed her day and night, yet nothing definite could be pinned on her. But at last they found that attachés of the Dutch, Swedish and Spanish Legations were giving her the privilege of enclosing letters in their diplomatic pouches.

In itself this had little significance: many people with the proper entree did the same thing. That a full-fledged spy would take such chances is ridiculous on the face of it. But since Mata Hari had been officially branded, Dutch and Swedish pouches were opened and her letters appropriated. They were harmless enough, and the Black Chamber could not discover any secret code. But the letters played an important part in her trial.

Her deportation was decided upon. Had she accepted it, Mata Hari might have survived the war. Vehemently she denied ever having worked for Germany; she declared herself unqualifiedly for France, and volunteered for the French Secret Service.

The offer was accepted and she was sent to Brussels to victimize General Moritz von Bissing, one of her conquests. Six Belgian agents were made known to her. Not long after, one of them was executed by the Germans. British counterspies

reported that he had been betrayed by a woman.

Her next venture found Mata Hari headed for Spain via Holland and England. In London, she was escorted to Scotland Yard and questioned by Sir Basil Thompson. She readily admitted being a spy—but for France, Britain's ally.

Sir Basil advised her to quit espionage work, and sent her to Spain. But in Madrid she teamed up with the German naval attaché, Captain von Kalle, and the military attaché, Major von Kron. Both tapped the espionage fund to meet her demands. But German headquarters were clamping down. Too much money was being spent on wine, women and song. Liquidation is the fate of spies who lose their worth, and Mata Hari was one of little value, at best. Von Kalle received his orders.

H.21 was to proceed to Paris. She was given a check for 15,000 pesetas for services performed in Spain, payable through a neutral legation. Mata Hari swallowed the bait. She went to Paris, where she was arrested before she had time to cash the check.

On July 24, 1917, Mata Hari was brought to trial by court-martial. Her fate was a foregone conclusion. Proceedings were secret. Sentries guarded all doors and none might approach within ten paces.

There was much wisdom in this secrecy, for Mata Hari told all. She told of viewing army maneuvers in Silesia, France and Italy; of receiving 30,000 marks from von Jagow after being with him when war was declared; of other payments of similar amounts.

"They were the price of my

favours," she announced. "Men never offered me less."

She emphasized that she had been a spy for France, but could present no information gathered for that country. Her fate was sealed when she was unable to produce the list of six Belgian spies which had been furnished her. Both she and the court knew that it had been sent to German officials in Amsterdam before she left France.

She summoned witnesses: Jules Cambron, chief of the permanent staff of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; former Minister of War Messimy; others who had paid for her favours.

"I am not French," she declared. "I have the right to have friends in other countries, even among those at war with France. I have remained neutral."

The members of the court filed out to consider their verdict. They were back in ten minutes. Mata Hari was to be shot as a spy.

Whatever her life may have been, Mata Hari died bravely. When the findings of the court-martial were read, an enigmatic smile lightened her face—the only tension was a nervous biting of her lips.

Back at the prison of St. Lazare, two nuns sought to comfort her. She thanked them and assured them that all would be well. For, by this time, those she had favored were

coming to her rescue, seeking a commutation of sentence.

In the welter of fact and fiction surrounding her last days, Pierre de Morrisac plays no minor role. This Parisian roué had loved Mata Hari truly and, taking a page from Tosca, planned a mock execution with blank cartridges for the firing squad. This plot was worked out in detail and may have accounted for the woman's composure.

She had much time to prepare for the end, since the court findings were not executed until October 15. The hour was fixed at 5:47; the place, the rifle range at Vincennes. She accepted the glass of rum prescribed for the condemned by law; wrote three letters; made a final inspection of her toilette; and announced her readiness.

A procession of cars made its way to the execution spot where the troops waited, drawn up in three sides of a hollow square. On the fourth side stood a bare tree, stripped of leaves and branches.

The death warrant was read. They tied her to the tree—she refused to have her eyes bandaged—and nuns and priest withdrew. The firing squad snapped into readiness. Major Massard barked a command. There was a volley of shots and Mata Hari sank slowly to earth, her body pierced by 12 bullets. De Morrisac's plot had failed.



### Food for Thought

**I** FEEL SORRY for the man who has never gone without his dinner to buy a book of poems, a ticket to a concert, a little statuette, or even a pretty hat for his wife.

—by ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM, copyright 1930 by THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

# The First Time I Met Them

by SYLVIA LYONS

The wife of columnist Leonard Lyons cuts in on his beat to shed light on the private lives of some famous personalities



IT WAS OUTSIDE an auto showroom at Broadway and 57th Street that we saw the longest, lowest and loudest racing car, parked at the curb. It was robin's-egg blue, with much chromium trim. Behind the wheel, despondent, sat Keenan Wynn. He greeted my husband, who introduced me.

Keenan had played some minor roles in Broadway shows and was beginning to look in the direction of Hollywood. That afternoon, he told us, he had heard of a role in an industrial film being made by Caravel Films in New York. He applied for the job.

The casting director told him to walk across the room, then said, "Sorry, you're not the type."

Keenan still was hopeful. "What type are you looking for?" he asked. "I can walk across the room in many different ways."

The director told him that the role would be that of an automobile racer. Keenan, a veteran at racing and winner of eight cups, replied: "Wait! I'll be right back."

He rushed off to the auto showroom at 57th Street, rented a racing car and drove it back to the Caravel building. Inviting the casting director downstairs, he seated

himself behind the wheel and drove the car up and down the street.

The director was duly impressed. Then he jotted down the name of the showroom from which the car had been rented.

"Well, am I going to be in the picture?" asked Keenan anxiously.

"Sorry, you won't," said the director. "But the car will!"



AT A DINNER PARTY in Hollywood, the hostess passed a dish containing chocolate-covered mints.

When she reached Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert stared at him. He grunted and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, my wife has the most beautiful eyes in the world. They're large and bright—and I'll bet none of you are aware that they have X-ray qualities, too."

He told of a recent day when, just as he was about to reach for a piece of candy on the library table, he heard his wife's voice from five rooms away: "Dear... put it down!"

It all started during their courtship, when she teased him about being overweight. Nobody had ever called him "Chubby," nor had he been aware of any superfluous poundage. But on the day that Dr. Pressman proposed, Claudette told him he must shed 20 pounds before she would accept him.

She was about to sail for Honolulu for a vacation. Leading him to

a scale, she carefully recorded his weight, and warned him that he would be weighed again as soon as she returned.

"It became important that my scale speak to me in small numbers," sighed Dr. Pressman.

But love—and cut-down calories—will find a way. Four weeks later, when Miss Colbert returned to Hollywood, Dr. Pressman had whittled off 18 pounds.

"That's all right, darling," Miss Colbert assured him. "I always give my agent ten per cent, and I'll do the same for you. You may keep ten per cent of those 20 superfluous pounds."

And so they were married, and have lived happily ever after.



WE WERE TO MEET for dinner at Le Pavillon, a restaurant in Manhattan's East Fifties, but Joan Crawford was late because of a cocktail party. She phoned and told me to introduce myself to her escort for the evening, who was waiting at the bar. He was Col. Emilio Bacardi, head of the rum company which bears his name.

A little later, Miss Crawford arrived, breathless, bejeweled and apologetic. Then, after dinner, we went to the Cort Theater. When the play was over, we started up the aisle, but the manager warned Miss Crawford that hundreds of fans were jammed at the front doors waiting to see her.

"The side exit would be better," he suggested. "You'll have no trouble there."

She asked how many were at the side doors, and he said, "Oh, about half a dozen."

"And how many are there at the front doors?"

"There must be hundreds," the manager replied.

The film star proceeded up the aisle. "I've worked hard as an actress and waited a long time for the opportunity of getting a glimpse of fans getting a glimpse of me," said Miss Crawford. "We'll use the front doors!"



IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE, and Rita Hayworth's first look at New York. She was married then to Orson Welles, who had just finished writing, producing, directing and starring in a movie. If he could have found a bathtub large enough, he probably would have developed the film himself.

We had all planned to celebrate by going to a series of New Year's Eve parties and night clubs. But the New York snow and cold had brought the California visitors down with influenza.

We went to their hotel suite and found them wearing long Mandarin coats of royal-blue damask. On the walls were tacked a series of Yuletide pictures, painted in water color by Orson that afternoon. Rita prodded him into reminiscences of other New Year's Eves in Manhattan, when he and actor Joseph Cotten had shared a Greenwich Village basement.

At dinnertime Welles and Cotten would pool their cash and spend 15 cents for a can of baked beans. The remainder would be spent on two expensive cigars.

At midnight, we drank toasts to the New Year and to each other. Welles beamed and spoke of men

who might be lonely in New York and yearning for a word of cheer. Then he asked Rita to call the *New York Times*.

"Ask for the librarian," he said, and then reached for the phone.

"Hello, Librarian!" he boomed. "You're alone in your office, aren't you? Hmm, I thought so . . . No, I'm not calling for information. I'm just phoning to tell you that my wife and I and two friends wish you a very Happy New Year!"



AT SHANNON AIRPORT in Eire, during the stop-over of our London-to-New York air liner, I was assigned to the same table as John D. Rockefeller III. After introductions and breakfast, we spent our remaining English coins on picture post cards for our families. Rockefeller suddenly discovered he didn't have enough English

money to buy stamps, so I found myself in the novel position of presenting to a Rockefeller the British equivalent of an American dime.

When our plane arrived at LaGuardia Airport, I had only cash enough to get home in a taxi, so I offered the Customs man a check to cover the duty.

"Sorry, no checks accepted," he said. "You'll have to leave the stuff here and pick it up when you bring the cash."

I asked him: "Suppose John D. Rockefeller III, who is standing over there, were to endorse my check? Would you accept it?"

The Customs official threw back his shoulders and looked up at the ceiling. "Sorry, lady, but the rule is the same for everybody. As far as we're concerned, Mr. Rockefeller's check is no better than yours."

Then I knew I was home in America again . . .

### Wise and Otherwise

Nothing is ever lost by politeness—except your seat on the bus.

—DAN BENNETT

Two can live as cheaply as one large family used to.—*Phoenix Flame*

Whenever you see a man with handkerchief, socks and tie to match, you may be sure he is wearing a present.

—*Do Not Disturb* by FRANK CASE, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Two things which are very closely connected are:

1. Getting up in the world
2. Getting up in the morning

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

More ladies would look spick in slacks if they didn't have quite so much span.

—OTTAWA *Citizen*



Science and industry are finding countless new jobs for a versatile test-tube baby

by **NORMAN and  
MADELYN CARLISLE**

**D**OCTORS WERE SEEKING a way to accomplish a medical miracle. They wanted to acquire samples of blood directly from the beating human heart. With these samples, they could take the guesswork out of diagnosing certain circulatory ailments. But to achieve the feat, they would need a tube tiny enough to go into a vein in the arm and be pushed along inside, all the way to the pulsing pump.

It seemed utterly impossible to find a material to meet the fantastic specifications required for this delicate job. Was there any substance so fine, so flexible, and yet so strong that it could reach its target without injury to the patient? Finally the doctors triumphed. They had their magic tube made of woven nylon.

This may seem a strange use for the sheer stuff that covers the feminine leg, but lately, nylon has been popping up in most unexpected forms. Not content with plucking nylon for 531,000,000 pairs of women's hosiery a year out of a coal

pile, the wizards of the du Pont laboratories at Wilmington, Delaware, have put their chemical geni to work in a host of new jobs.

There are nylon products that will save you time and money, and may even save your life. There is nylon that is stronger than steel, tougher than leather, warm as wool. And there is a hard plastic nylon that is making store customers raise their eyebrows. Typical was the puzzlement of a woman who recently walked into a New York gift shop.

"How about some nylon tumblers?" the clerk asked.

"Nylon tumblers? Impossible!" said the customer. "They wouldn't hold water."

But when the clerk produced them for her, the lady's concept of nylon underwent a quick change. Yours will, too, when you start bumping into the new nylon products. For instance, just look at what can happen to you in the first half-hour of your day.

You can crawl out from under a nylon blanket, ease your feet into a pair of nylon slippers, don a nylon bathrobe, brush your teeth with

a nylon-bristled brush. After you have clad yourself in nylon clothes, you can go downstairs to sit on a nylon-upholstered chair while you eat your breakfast from nylon dishes and read the morning paper by sunlight shining through nylon curtains.

The scientists who created nylon had high hopes for their test-tube offspring, but they never expected that it would so quickly become a strapping young giant. It was on October 27, 1938, that the du Pont Company first announced the birth of a new material called "nylon," derived from coal and other basic raw materials. At the start, the chemists did not know just what the stuff was good for, beyond toothbrush bristles and textile fibers, its first commercial applications. But they calculated that it had plenty of possibilities.

Their notion was confirmed when, on May 15, 1940, the first nylon hosiery went on nation-wide sale, to be snatched by eager buyers. The word "nylons" entered the language as a synonym for women's hosiery. From then on, in war and peace, there has been no stopping the nylon boom.

**M**OST PEOPLE THINK of nylon as sheer and fragile stuff. The truth is, this fabulous material is far more than gossamer thread. A Jersey City woman found out for herself how tough nylon is when the ropes holding a heavy trunk on the back of her car broke under strain. Ingeniously she used an old pair of nylon stockings for new lashings. They held until the end of the journey.

During the war, the Navy made

a similar discovery. What they used wasn't 15-denier sheer but eight-inch nylon hawser. Used to tow floating drydocks, it stood up where steel cables broke!

The officials of a rug manufacturing company, impressed by what they had heard about nylon, made up a sample swatch of nylon carpeting and sent it to the U. S. Testing Company laboratories in Hoboken, New Jersey. There, researchers slapped it into a rugged machine designed to wear the life out of carpets. Into a similar machine they inserted a sample of the manufacturer's standard wool rug.

The revolving device, which gives a vigorous rub every time it turns, wore out the woolen sample in 75,000 revolutions. Then the researchers looked at the nylon sample. No signs of wear. They looked again at 150,000 revolutions. Still as good as new.

At the 250,000-mark the sample was still going strong. And at 300,000 revolutions, the engineers gave up and asked the du Pont company to help design a new machine. The nylon carpet was just too tough for the apparatus.

As a result of these tests, several rug manufacturers are either making or planning to make nylon rugs and carpeting. For a time, they will be more expensive than rugs made of other materials, but nylon enthusiasts predict that floor coverings will be a repetition of the hosiery story, and that prices will be down to competitive levels in a few years.

Meanwhile, clothing manufacturers who have started producing nylon wear for children are receiving letters from mothers, saying,

"Why didn't somebody tell me about this before?"

Parents well acquainted with the law of nature which heretofore made it possible for small boys to tear holes in any material, report with awe that nylon togs resist all punishment. This, however, is not news to the clothing people. They know the story about those fabulous nylon football pants.

The story began a few years back when a manufacturer supplied nylon football gear to Notre Dame and other colleges. The Notre Dame players wore nylon pants in every game from the middle of the 1941 season through '42, '43, '44 and '45. By 1946, new ones had been ordered, but since they did not arrive until midseason, the players at Notre Dame started their '46 grid schedule in the venerable prewar togs. They showed virtually no signs of wear, and football rookies at South Bend continued to wear the pants for practice sessions.

In Bethesda, Maryland, the U.S. Navy is using special nylon in experiments designed to save the lives of fliers. The Navy knew that when planes crashed in landing, many deaths were caused by broken safety belts or by internal injuries resulting from the sudden stop. Could they design a safety belt that would give but not break?

Rubber might seem like the solution, but it gives too much. They found the answer in "undrawn" nylon, which eases the flier forward and breaks the shock. Highway engineers, looking far into the future, are even thinking about using the material for guard rails that would

stop an auto without wrecking it.

When the textile industry set out to use ordinary dyes on nylon, they found that dyes which readily "took" on cotton or wool just didn't work. So special dyes had to be developed and used. Yet the fact that nylon is a stubborn material for dyers happens to be lucky for you, because it also means that it does not stain easily.

By way of an actual test, a nylon rug was put down in the lobby of a Miami hotel. Cocktails were spilled on it and dirt ground in by the bustling crowd. Was the rug ruined?

Not at all. The whole messy concoction was wiped off with soap and water, and the fabric was as clean and fresh as ever.

Nylon materials, properly dyed and finished, even refuse to have anything to do with fire. Apply a match and the cloth melts, but it does not blaze. There have been striking examples of what

this means in the way of safety.

In a Chicago hotel, a guest laid a nylon drape across a lighted 300-watt bulb. Hours later, a maid discovered a large hole in it. Had the drape been made of ordinary material, another disastrous hotel fire might have occurred.

When people hear about the versatility of nylon, they wonder how all our future needs can ever be met. But the supply of raw materials is plentiful. One of the basic ingredients of nylon will soon be derived from a yellowish liquid called furfural, which can be extracted from corncocks, rice hulls and peanut shells.

The newest test-tube prodigy,



hard plastic nylon, also has unique qualities. Metal workers wanted a hammer that would not mar delicate surfaces and yet would be tough enough to take a terrific beating. Experimentally, they made one of nylon plastic. The results were astonishing. They whacked the hammer on a metal surface 1,250,000 times before it wore out.

Even your electric shaver, mixer and vacuum cleaner may be turning more smoothly because of this new plastic. Engineers have discovered that nylon bearings do not need lubrication in light, high-speed machines.

Some people are even predicting that one of these days you will be riding around in a nylon automobile. The material that might make this possible is a "super-sandwich" of cloth and plastic. Layers of nylon (or certain other synthetic fabrics) can be glued together with a plastic jelly. The result is a solid sheet that can be molded into virtually any shape.

If industry finds a practical way to use it in cars, you will have no more crumpled fenders. For, in thick panels, the new armor-plate material will withstand even the impact of bullets!



## Adding Coronet to Your Library

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**T**URN BACK the pages of crime. Join Homicide Detective Michael Cassidy to ride, on a balmy spring day in 1947, to where X marks the spot—the spot at Centropolis, a sleepy Montana town. The facts in the following story are based on a composite case from official police records. The names and places are fictitious. The detectives cracked the case. Can you?

Stand beside Cassidy in a Centropolis undertaking parlor and view the body of 51-year-old James Monroe. Note the facial cuts and bruises he sustained in falling from the roof of a housing project where he was employed as a carpenter. Over Monroe's left eye is a puncture which Cassidy feels merits further examination.

"Probe that hole!" he orders. See the revolver bullet the coroner's scalpel digs out.

Now meet Katherine Monroe, the victim's daughter. She had been staying with a college classmate when her mother phoned at mid-day to get a doctor.

Listen to Dr. Stephens. He suddenly recalls that Katherine, who had entered her father's bedroom

by LARRY ROBERTS

## Are You a Detective?



ahead of us, had removed some object from her dying father's right hand. Could it have been a gun?

Confronted with this eyewitness report, see how Katherine turns red, tears springing to her eyes. "Yes, it was a gun—my father's—an old .45 revolver," she admits, sobbing. "When I saw my father had committed suicide, I grabbed the gun on the chance the doctor wouldn't notice the bullet hole among the cuts on Dad's head. You see, Mother is sick—heart trouble—and I did so want to spare her the disgrace and publicity."

Now Mrs. Monroe, clad in black, her face pale and drawn, describes what happened that tragic day. She and her husband were alone. Monroe was holding ice packs to his throbbing head. Mrs. Monroe was outside his room, reading. The doors to the house were locked as usual.

Detective Cassidy shoots a direct question. "Yes, James was left-handed," she answers.

Conclude the examination in the victim's bedroom. Three windows are nailed shut, the fourth one sticks when raised higher than eight inches.

The following questions provide a guide to ratiocination in *The Case of the Daughter and the Gun*. To rate as an amateur sleuth, come up with the correct solution before you reach question No. 7.

1. Was the victim right- or left-handed?
2. Where on his head was the fatal bullet wound?
3. In which hand was the gun found?
4. Does this add up to suicide or murder?
5. Was the gun placed in the victim's hand to simulate suicide?
6. Would the slayer, then, upset the applecart by removing the planted weapon at the first opportunity?
7. Does this line of reasoning clear Katherine as a suspect?
8. Were the doors to the death house locked?
9. Who was inside the locked house the day of the slaying?
10. Could anyone besides the victim's wife have shot Monroe, and then planted the gun in his hand?
11. Then, by process of elimination, could anyone else but Mrs. Monroe be the slayer?

(Answers are on page 154)



# The Preacher Who Wouldn't Quit



by ARTHUR BARTLETT

Blind and bedridden, his courage has inspired hundreds to "keep on keeping on"

"HOW ARE THINGS with you today, neighbor?" inquired the preacher.

"Oh, I'm just keeping on," said his visitor.

"Well, keep on keeping on," said the preacher softly. "That's the main thing."

It was, the Rev. Herman A. Clark recalls now, an almost-automatic conversation. But after his visitor had left the words kept sounding in his ears: "Keep on keeping on." This, he decided, was the real message he had to give to people. It has been his text and his theme song ever since.

This Maine preacher has been flat on his back in bed, a prisoner of arthritis, for almost 20 years. With the exception of his left elbow, every joint in his body is immovable. He lies in bed, able to move his lips and one hand to a limited extent; otherwise he is completely rigid. And since 1939 he has also been blind.

Yet, once each week, over a Maine radio station, he broadcasts a program of cheerful philosophy. Between broadcasts, he makes transcriptions, composes verse, and puts what he calls "sacredized" words into popular songs. These go all

over the country to bolster the spirits of people whose troubles can rarely compare to those of the preacher himself.

"I am an old lady of 77," said a typical letter received by the Reverend Mr. Clark in a recent morning's mail. "Last September my husband died, after we had lived together happily for 54 years. I had to break up my home, and have been so lonely and sad that I have prayed to die. But when I began to hear you, so brave and cheerful, I felt ashamed."

Old people and young, sick people, lame people and people who, in Clark's folksy language, are "fit as a fiddle but just can't seem to find the satisfying things of life," fill his mail with similar letters.

"I can't explain it," Clark says, "except that God can still take a broken pitcher and win a battle with it, even as He did in the days of Gideon."

But a distinguished brother-preacher who recently called on him emerged from the modest white house on a Gardiner back street to declare: "I have just heard the greatest sermon ever. Listening to that bedridden man tell how wonderful it is to be alive, and to

serve God, gave me a new appreciation of the inexhaustible resources of our Christian faith."

Clark, now 61, was minister of the Winter Street Baptist Church of Gardiner when arthritis *deformans* struck him down. He was a vigorous, gospel-singing preacher who had just emerged from the backwoods to become one of the state's leading clergymen. Born in the little granite-quarrying village of Frankfort, he came from a family of hard-working quarrymen, and had the physique to be one himself. One of 14 children of a mother who was widowed when he was five, Herman Clark did, in fact, go to work pounding granite when he had barely entered his teens.

One day when he was 15, he stood by the Penobscot and watched the old steamer, *City of Bangor*, pass down the river. That night, when he laid down his hammer, he went to the boss and asked for his "time."

"What are you going to do?" the boss asked.

"I'm going to get some more schooling," said the youngster, "before it's too late."

At the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary in Bucksport, young Herman played baseball, and got enough education to land a job teaching a one-room school. Then, as a husky young teacher with a knack for handling youngsters, he soon became principal of a larger school in a Maine town. Here he went to church regularly as he always had—and fell in love with the church organist. But it is perhaps prophetic that the first thought of devoting his life to religion came at a time when he was struck down by typhoid fever.

"It made me think about life—and death," he says. When he got well, he decided that henceforth he would teach the faith which had come to him on his sickbed.

Clark became student pastor of three tiny Baptist churches on Mt. Desert Island. Then, when he was ready to be ordained, he married the organist and took her to his first pastorate in an Aroostook County village. Other humble pastorates followed until 1922, when he was called to Gardiner.

The church here was struggling under a mortgage, but within four years he was able to lead the congregation in thanks to God as the mortgage went up in flames. An earnest but earthy preacher who talked in the language of Main Street even when he donned his black coat and mounted the pulpit, he was soon filling empty pews.

CLARK WAS THE KIND of preacher who never missed the hometown baseball and football games, went camping with the Boy Scouts, and organized and led a band.

"The Lord's work," as he puts it, "was going great." He was still under 40.

Then, in 1926, he went to see a doctor, for his back had been plaguing him.

"Arthritis," said the doctor.

It was a new word to the backwoods-bred preacher. And when the doctor prescribed treatment in a Boston hospital, Clark demurred vehemently.

"I can't take a Sunday off," he declared.

"You'll take several Sundays off," said the doctor firmly.

When Clark came back from the

hospital, he was wearing a steel brace. Then the arthritis progressed into his hip, and the brace gave way to a plaster cast, from chin to knees. In 1930, he stood in a pulpit for the last time—though he didn't know it then. Next day he made his third trip to Boston, for a last-chance operation. He came home in an ambulance and was put to bed. He has been there ever since.

"It is not the easiest thing in the world to see your little ship sunk and lost," admits the bedridden preacher, recalling those days when the disease was spreading inexorably from joint to joint. "For months, I hoped against hope. I was desperate—fighting myself. But after a while I saw that it was not *how* I was going to get out of this, but *what*. How could I adjust myself so that I could continue to make my life count, and not be just a burden on society?"

Governors, Senators and even a President have since told him how much he has made his life count—how he has helped them to feel more like keeping on. The President was another handicapped man, Franklin D. Roosevelt. But more impressive than the testimony of these great ones are the stories of ordinary people.

One day a few years ago, a woman decided to commit suicide. Wife of a prosperous merchant, she was active in clubs and social affairs, but life with her busy, preoccupied husband had become a mere formality, and a profound feeling of emptiness and futility seized her.

Afraid she was losing her mind, she contemplated suicide. Then she happened to turn her radio to the

station on which Clark was broadcasting.

"Keep on keeping on," his deep, friendly voice was urging. "Remember, the biggest thing in life is to have the strength, the desire and the determination to carry on, even when your heart says it's no use."

Next day she drove to Gardiner to see him. She didn't tell him her name, and he didn't ask. She told him of her troubled state of mind, and he told her how easy it was to find happiness by getting outside one's own troubles. Why not find some poor families to help?

She had no children, and her pent-up mother love, he sensed, was stifling her. Her life had been made futile by the increasing lack of outlets for her affection. She went back home and became a minor Lady Bountiful of her city—instead of committing suicide.

Shortly after the war ended, a GI's bride came to see Clark. She and her husband were deeply in love, she explained, yet they were on the verge of divorce because of the husband's possessive mother, who had balked their attempts to establish a home of their own.

At Clark's suggestion, the young wife brought her husband to see the minister, who recited from memory the solemn lines from the Bible defining the duties of husband and wife, even to "leaving father and mother." The young couple left hand in hand, determined to keep on keeping on.

The first big victory in the preacher's own struggle to keep on keeping on came one night, early in his invalidism, when he had been praying mightily. He still had



his sight then, and enough use of his hands so that he could manipulate a flashlight and pencil. As he lay in bed he jotted down a line that had been forming in his mind.

Before switching off the light he had written a poem, "When It Isn't Your Day," the theme being that even if it isn't your day to hit the ball, to sail the ship, to win the race, you can still cheer the other fellow from the side lines. This, he decided, must be his pattern of life.

He had never thought of himself as a poet, and he doesn't now. But he has gone on ever since putting into verse—in down-to-earth language and homely figures of speech—the thoughts that have come to him as he lay in bed.

By 1931, it was obvious that his days as an active minister were over, and he gave up his church. A small pension took care of the most pressing needs, and his wife added to the family income. The Clarks have brought up two boys along with their own four children. But retired or not, Clark felt that if he was to go on living he must go on making his life count, and the writing of verses was one way to continue his ministry.

People who came to see him—as much for their own spiritual uplift as to cheer him—found the messages so helpful that in 1934 his old Sunday-school class arranged for publication of a collection in a book, which he called *An Adventure in Verse*. Copies have since gone all over the country.

Meantime, even though he was confined to bed, the preacher began to preach again, not only through the written word but with his own voice. He did this with the aid of his

mechanically minded son, Walter, who acquired an old truck and rebuilt it into a sort of ambulance, into which his father's bed could be lifted by pulleys. Clark promptly named this ingenious vehicle "The Glory Hole."

For several years it took him to churches and outdoor meetings where he talked, read verses and led hymn singing. Since he was unable to raise his head, Walter had arranged mirrors on the bed to enable him to see in front, periscope fashion; and, as an ardent sports fan, he even used "The Glory Hole" to attend home-town baseball and football games.

After he became blind, this was no longer possible. And now that he reaches his audiences by radio, "The Glory Hole" has gone out of commission and the minister no longer leaves his house.

LIKE MANY BEDRIDDEN people, Clark found radio to be a great blessing, since it brought the world into his room. The ingenious Walter rigged a set over his father's bed, with the wheel of an old baby carriage making it easier for his stiff-fingered hand to turn the dial, and a series of wires with curtain rings on them to select the major networks automatically.

The preacher could hardly believe his good fortune when, ten years ago, a representative of WRDO in near-by Augusta suggested that he might broadcast as well as receive in his bedroom. Eagerly he seized this opportunity for a new and broader mission. "A bedside ministry," he calls it.

Clark does not think of his radio talks as sermons but as friendly

chats. Conscious that he is no longer preaching primarily to Baptists, he avoids doctrinal disputations; but whether he is reminiscing about the old swimming hole and the lessons it taught, or seriously affirming the power of prayer, his words are always those of a man of God trying, as he says, "to help others find Him who has blessed my soul."

He starts and ends each program with a hymn or one of his "sacredized" popular songs, singing in a voice that is still strong and mellifluous, even though his jaw, like most of his body, is rigid. One of his daughters, now married to the radio engineer who handles the program, usually accompanies him on a small organ.

During the war, it became impossible for a time to continue the program by remote control, and

Clark carried on with transcriptions. Soon he began offering these to churches and other interested groups beyond range of the local station. Now he sends them all over the country, in the manner of a lending library, to be played on loud-speakers in churches, hospitals and homes.

Clark accepts no personal remuneration for his activities, but free-will offerings—mostly in silver—come in from radio listeners. He uses these offerings to finance what he calls his "tract word"—the making of transcriptions and the printing and distributing of his songs.

Actually, his real pay comes every morning in the mail. Usually it runs something like this: "Dear Mr. Clark: I thought I was licked, but after listening to you, I guess if *you* can take it, *I* can . . ."

## The Fourth Estate

A NEW HAMPSHIRE weekly newspaper editor was hard up one week for stuff to put into his columns. He set up the Ten Commandments and ran them without editorial comment. After the paper was out one day he got a letter from an irate subscriber who wrote: "Cancel my subscription. You're getting too personal."  
—THOMAS DREIER

CHARLES CHAPIN, city editor of the old New York *World*, was an impulsive genius who was as erratic as he was brilliant. Often, in a fit of temper, he would fire a reporter, only to rehire the man a few minutes later.

One day, when one of his reporters failed to return with a story, Chapin hit the ceiling.

"You're through!" he shouted. "Go to the cashier and get your check!"

The reporter cleared out his desk. A half hour later he started to leave. "Where are you going?" demanded Chapin, his rage spent.

"I'm going home," said the reporter.

"What for?"

"You fired me, didn't you?"

"Oh," cried Chapin, "using that to get the afternoon off, eh?"

—D. A. C. News

# WHY BRITONS LOVE THE AGONY COLUMN

The intriguing "personal notices" in the London *Times* are packed with the laughter and tears of all humanity

by ALFRED ERIS



EACH MORNING, some 270,000 people buy the London *Times* to consult with eager suspense the most popular newspaper column in Britain. The *Times* refers to it, starchy, as the "Personal Column," but for more than 150 years the world has known it as the "Agony" column. Here, bold hearts cry out for adventure, parents entreat their straying children and sweethearts pledge undying love.

Why is the Agony column so popular? If you follow it for a few weeks, you find yourself an entranced witness to betrothals, feuds, searches and reconciliations. Curiosity torments you, pity tugs at your heart; soon you are a confirmed addict. And why not? Where else can you find "I love you. Do you love me?" in French, competing for your attention with cryptic notices intended for reputed smugglers?

Ever since the 18th century, this remarkable column has been an infallible index to Britain's fortunes in war and peace. News of crises in Europe or the fall of kingdoms has been read with much less interest than the notices in this column. Commoners use it, and so do aristocrats; the destitute widow appeals for a few pounds to keep alive, while the wealthy squire tries to sell a mansion for which he cannot hire enough servants.

Britain today is a land of restrictions and austerity, and the Agony columns reflect the trends of the day almost as clearly as a mirror. Illustrated advertisements on inner pages may give an impression of comfort, but Agony notices tell all the world that—

TITLED LADY, selling beautiful  
MINK COAT: also fine dyed Ermine  
Coat. MINK COAT, very good quality,

stock size—£325. B-flat clarinet, low pitch, good condition. NO COUPONS—Lady's medium-gray worsted suit, worn once, bust 33, waist 26, skirt length 27, 22 guineas.

NO COUPONS—Suitable trousseau, four night dresses, unworn, pure silk and satin, beautifully hand-worked, £-9s. each. American SHOES, nylon stockings, clothes, almost new, for SALE.

But the sort of advertisement for which the Agony column is best known is something like this insert, which appeared not long ago:

J. U. D. Dearest seek medical advice, it may not be as bad as you think.

MARGOT.

Perhaps Margot was right, for sometime later this notice was inserted:

TO OUR LADY AND ST. JUDE, heartfelt thanks for favours received, M. L.

Ex-military men, having a difficult time finding jobs, turn to the Agony column:

Three ex-Guardsmen seek employment of any nature involving travel and possibly adventure.

Another demobbed MISFIT SEEKS CHANGE, go anywhere, do any work, mental or manual; good education; age 30, single and fit.

The British spirit of exploration is not yet dead, in spite of restrictions:

TO AFRICA? I wish to contact four men, first-class drivers, to join me in overland record attempt to the Cape.

On occasion, the *Times* has had to stand for disparaging remarks concerning its Agony columns. A few caustic critics went so far as to infer that these notices covered up highly illegal activities. The prize for the greatest mystery—and one which would substantiate these asper-

sions—goes to the following series of advertisements which obviously had little to do with unrequited love. Early in April, 1876, this item appeared:

YOURS SAFE. What you ask will be done at once. Send a great deal of matches.

On April 20, *Times* readers saw this:

YOURS SAFE TODAY, but no matches. Do not forget next time. When shall I write? April 19.

On the 24th, this was inserted:

Five pigeons safe. Two the prettiest birds I ever saw—one big and one little. Will expect the lace in Bristol. April 23.

The messages then became increasingly frequent, sometimes only 24 or 48 hours apart, each one deepening the mystery.

Tuesday 25th. This is the real date. How is it nothing has come since I got the pigeons? Let me know, with lace, as soon as possible.

April 27—Really, no lace as yet. How is it I have not heard? Last from you yesterday week.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED. Will be there at address I gave you. Matches all right. April 29.

YOURS safe today. Will do as you tell me. Lace and matches. May 2, really.

May 5. Left for Paris. Don't forget to telegraph for next time. Send a large piece of lace.

YOURS TO HAND. All will be done as you desire. It was a lovely night but wanted its chief attraction. Remember the pigeon. May 10.

On May 15, appeared a notice which proved to be the last of this mystifying sequence:

No pigeon has come as yet. Send him off with plenty of matches as soon as you see this. Everything ready for next time.

Was the "next time" for which "everything" was ready a fatal error? Did the bearer of the "matches" meet his doom? The climax came within 48 hours, for on the 16th and 17th of May, two fantastic messages appeared, surely perplexing Scotland Yard as much as the public. The 16th saw this:

**MORE MATCHES FOR TINY B** — wow, County Club, Cork. There was an old man who said, how shall I flee from this terrible cow? I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile, till I soften the heart of this cow.

The notices carrying the date "May 5" had mentioned Paris, but here, Cork was prominent. Then, the following day, the final advertisement carried the word "sure" in what is accepted as Irish dialect:

**MORE MATCHES FOR TINY B** — wow. Does B stand for B--h? Shure this tail of bow-wow is composed of three joints, which belong to my cow? Can this be my Tiny? Is he that fierce cow? Yet avowed himself frightened, no fellow knows how.

The advertisements ended on this tragicomic note. Clearly, the reference to a frightened individual was not to be taken lightly. Did this series of notices foreshadow the bloody Irish rebellion a few decades later? If not, why the inference that "matches" were bound for Ireland's Cork, and why the Irish burlesque of "sure"? Would even the indefatigable Sherlock Holmes have been able to clear up this thorny riddle?

When World War I came along, the Agony columns carried regularly the pleas of kinfolk of missing soldiers. An officer was last seen being picked up from the battle-



field, or in France—or in Belgium—did anyone in the whole British Army have some clue to his whereabouts? In May, 1915, this odd duet appeared:

**HEWITT, Lieut. E. H. Hewitt, 4th Royal Lancaster Regiment, missing since June 16 in France. ANY INFORMATION GRATEFULLY RECEIVED, J. Cooke, Queen Anne's Mansion, St. James' Park.**

**ANY INFORMATION concerning whereabouts of MAX RICHTER, waiter, at one time living in New York City, if living; or, if dead, the date and burial, will be rewarded by William C. McHenry, 600 Borland Building, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.**

A would-be soldier appealed to some kindred soft heart to care for his pet dog, so that he could march off to war.

**WILL LADY near London MAKE PAL of trained FOX TERRIER whilst owner fighting?**

And one bird lover entreated the British public not to be callous, even with a war raging:

**REMEMBER THE STARVING BIRDS. Give them in parks and in gardens scraps that are thrown into the dustbin. Also give them water.**

As war privations became increasingly hard, the Agony column was used by organizations of all kinds. The Ivory Cross Dental Aid Fund announced: "UNWANTED arti-

ficial teeth gratefully received." It was proclaimed, for the benefit of sporting gentlemen, that the "NORFOLK SHOOT has VACANCY for ONE GUN," and at the same time, modest donations were solicited for "Les misérables" of London:

Nowhere to sleep. Homeless and destitute men still come to us for help. 1s. provides bed and breakfast. We also breakfast needy children daily; £1 pays for 80 breakfast.

Meantime, London's scientists were marking progress on matters obviously affecting Britannia's rule of the waves:

THE WORLD'S WORST SAILOR is WANTED to submit to a harmless scientific experiment in connection with travel weakness. Fee by arrangement. Write, enclosing details of personal sufferings.

By far, the prize "agony" insert came in 1938, before World War II burst on Britain:

ALI BABA. You are so irritating, and it is so dark here. Fi-Fi.

Today, as in 1785, the Agony column is still the friend of rich and

poor alike. Few traditions have spanned the centuries so lightly and emerged as fresh. What a fascinating pageant it has been—and still is!

How the noblemen and bluebloods of the 1800s, who used the Agony columns only for trading horseflesh or for hiring a lackey, would be shocked to see today's aristocrats selling their clothing via the *Times*! And how pained the distressed gentlewomen and the sorrowing parents would be to learn that they shared the same column with the irritating ALI BABA and the gloom-ridden Fi-Fi!

But no matter. Although the tone of the notices may have changed a good deal, the missing heirs, the poor lads, the pre-painless dentists all have their modern counterparts. And when they are in trouble, they turn to the Agony column, as did their ancestors many years ago.

The most exciting newspaper column in the world, through war and peace, has become as enduring a symbol as the nation it represents!

## The Return of Sherlock Holmes



SHERLOCK Holmes, reincarnated, was walking down a busy street one day, accompanied by his ever-faithful companion, Dr. Watson.

"Well," remarked the great detective, "I'm glad to observe that at least one of these modern girls has come to her senses—and she must be very pretty, too."

"What girl?" asked Dr. Watson.

"The one in the short skirt, who

is walking behind us," replied Sherlock Holmes.

"Marvelous!" exclaimed Dr. Watson with enthusiasm, after he had corroborated the statement by a glance behind. "How in the world did you ever know without turning your head?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary," the great detective replied. "I merely observe the expression of delight on the faces of the gentlemen who are walking toward us!"

—Wall Street Journal



## OUR HUMAN COMEDY

BACK IN THE DAYS when there were trolley cars on Broadway and on 42nd Street in New York, officials of the transit company were puzzled one day when a new motor-man turned in about four times the normal amount of revenue at the close of his 42nd Street cross-town run. When they questioned him, he replied: "Things were pretty slow on 42nd Street so I ran the car up Broadway."

—MAX WEINBERG



ON A FINE SPRING DAY, a college baseball coach took one of his best men aside and spoke to him in tones of grave concern.

"Matt," he said, "you're going to pieces. You're pale and thin and nervous. What's happening? Have you been drinking?"

"Drinking?" exclaimed Matt. "Not me, coach. I don't drink."

"You must be smoking, then."

"I never smoke, coach."

"Matt, what is it then?"

"Well, you see," and Matt turned very red with embarrassment, "well, you see, I've been studying a little. You see—"

"Studying!" shrieked the coach. "Matt, any more of that, and you're off the team!"

—TED LAWRENCE



THE YOUNG MAN had a strange affliction. He thought grasshoppers were all over him and he kept brushing them off. He never stopped brushing because they were always there. So he was sent to a psychiatrist.

"What's the matter?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Grasshoppers," replied the afflicted one, "grasshoppers all over me all the time."

The psychiatrist pushed his chair back quickly. "Well, for heaven's sake," he said, "stop brushing them on me."

—AUBURN PLAINSMAN



AN ELDERLY BACHELOR entered upon a matrimonial alliance with an attractive though strong-minded widow of about his own age. For a few weeks they got along very happily together. She was an excellent cook, and home cooking was a heavenly change for him after years of restaurant fare. But at the very beginning he made a serious tactical blunder. He had gallantly insisted that she permit him to wash and dry the dishes, while she rested and perused the evening paper. He rather enjoyed the novelty for a time, but presently it became irksome. As his bride showed no inclination to alter the

arrangement, or even assist in the work, he decided to broach the matter tactfully.

"My dear," he said, "don't you think—now, understand, I'm not complaining—but don't you think it is only fair and proper that we take turns at this dishwashing? That is to say, you wash them for half of a given period and I wash them for the other half."

"Yes, I think that is perfectly fair and proper," responded the lady, amiably but firmly. "In fact, that is precisely the system we are following. I have taken my turn. I've washed dishes for 25 years. Now you will wash them for the next 25."

—NUGGETS

THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR raced this car out to the scene of the debacle. There, in a pitiful heap, was one of his newest postwar houses. It had simply collapsed in the process of construction.

"Doggonit!" fumed the contractor. "I told those dumb carpenters not to take down the scaffolding until the wallpaper was put up!"

—LOUIS BRUH

A WELL-MEANING candidate for a state legislature was canvassing his constituency when he encountered two small children, hand in hand before their cottage door, their mother standing slightly in the background.

Anxious to do the right thing, and struck by the similarity of their appearance, he inquired if they were twins.

"No, sir," the children replied.

"Well, how old are you?" he asked one.

"Six."

"And how old are you?" he asked the other.

"Six."

"Well, well! Both six and not twins! How do you manage that?"

"Please, sir, we're triplets," was the answer. "Jackie's indoors!"

—NANCY DOBEMUS

HE ROUNDED A BEND at close to 40. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away from him.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

—HERBERT HUMPHREY MIGDAL

IN THE CONGREGATION of a suburban church during Sunday morning service was a young bride whose husband was an usher. In the midst of the services, becoming terribly worried about having left the roast in the oven, she wrote a note to her husband, sending it to him by another usher.

The latter, thinking it was a note for the pastor, hurried down the aisle and laid it on the pulpit. Stopping abruptly in the middle of his sermon to read the note, the astonished pastor was met with this written injunction:

"Please go home and turn off the gas."

—The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest, by H. V. PROCHNOW, Copyright 1942 by HARPER & BROS.



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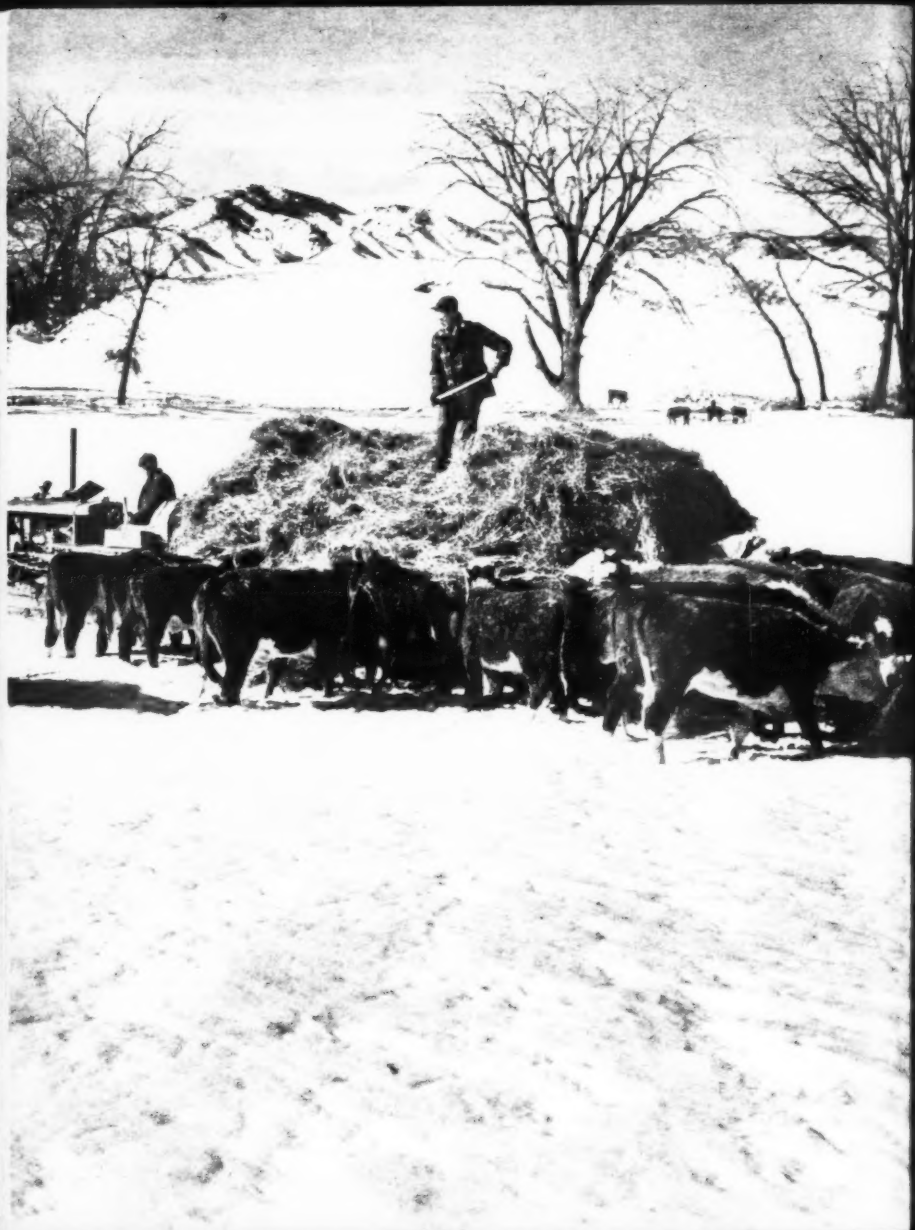
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## Cattle Country

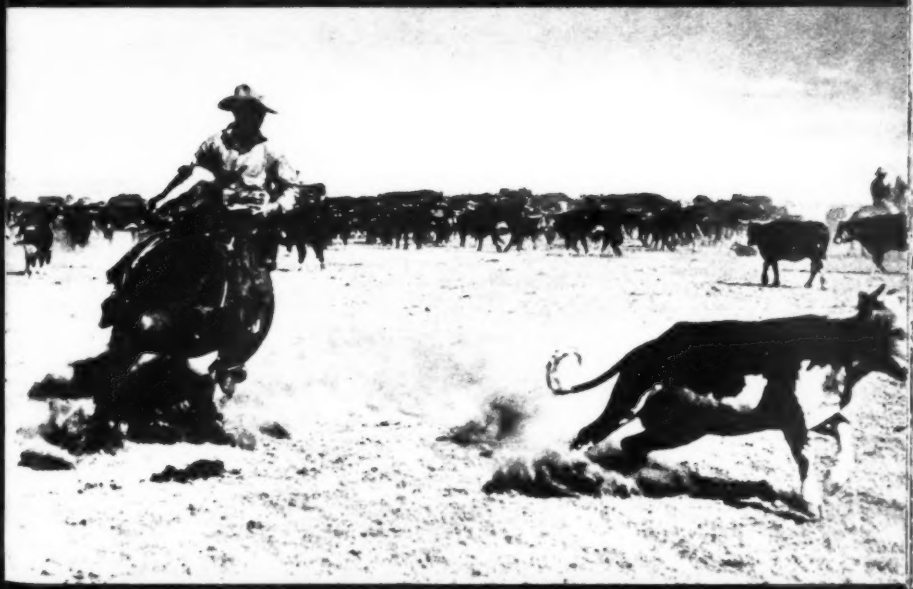
**T**HE QUICK-on-the-trigger days of rustlers, range warfare, and brawling frontier towns have vanished from the Old West. Today, beef cattle are big business, scientifically bred and raised to make American herds the finest in the world. Yet the men who ride the vast ranges known as Cattle Country still live by the colorful traditions that made the West our last frontier.



Once, cows and cowboys followed the grass. Grazing north in the spring, tough longhorns were herded as far as Montana, and wintered on sparse ranges. Now, planned winter feeding is commonplace.



The stringy longhorns built the cattle empires of Texas. Today, improved strains of heavier, healthier cattle are being bred by farsighted ranchers. Yet spring in the Panhandle tells an old story.



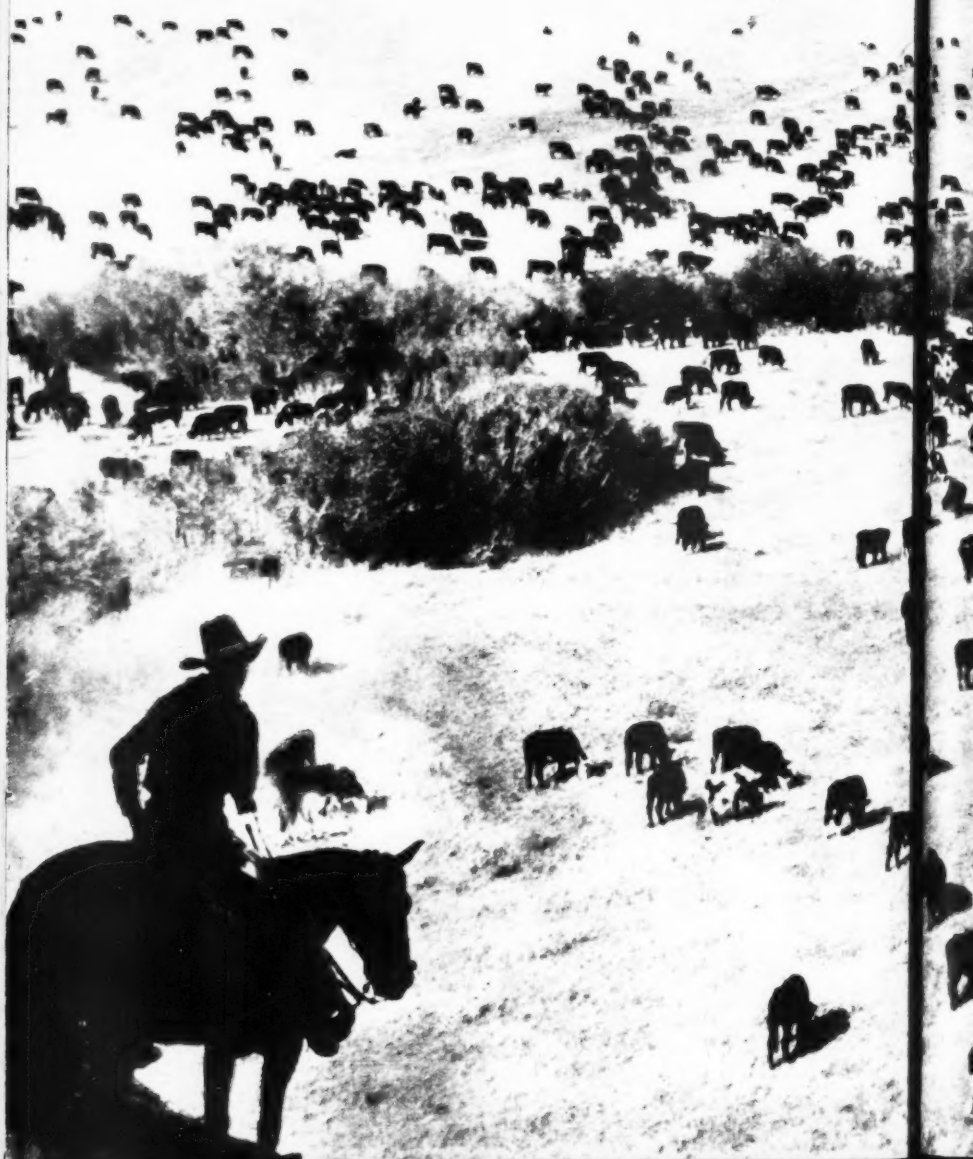
Out on the plains, dust swirls under the pounding hooves of thousands of half-wild cattle. It takes muscle and know-how to stage a spring roundup. One false step may stampede the herd.



In the hands of skilled cowboys, a bawling calf is roped, branded, vaccinated, and his ears and horns are cropped in swift succession. Almost painless, the whole process takes about 60 seconds.



To a cattleman, the brand on his animals is a heraldic shield. Once burned on, the symbol becomes an enduring trade-mark, simply designed yet almost impossible to alter without detection.



On the range, summer is a time of watchful waiting. Where a single ranch may unfold across nearly 1,000,000 trackless acres, there are endless patrols, fences to be mended, pastures rotated.



For the cowboy—whose day lasts from dawn to dark—the rolling range lands and the high, wide skies are home. Here, he finds the tranquil peace and beauty that city dwellers only dream about.



A cattleman dresses in time-honored and tested styles. Every garment is designed for a particular use—even the colorful bandanna becomes a mask against dust when the big fall roundup begins.



Roundup! It means weeks in the saddle, riding into the timber and combing the grass-skirted foothills to herd summer-fattened cattle down to the camp—a miniature prairie cow town on wagon wheels.



Catching strays can be dangerous, backbreaking work. Yet, for the keen-eyed, iron-wristed cowboy, a maverick yearling is a cinch compared to crawling out of a warm bedroll at dawn.



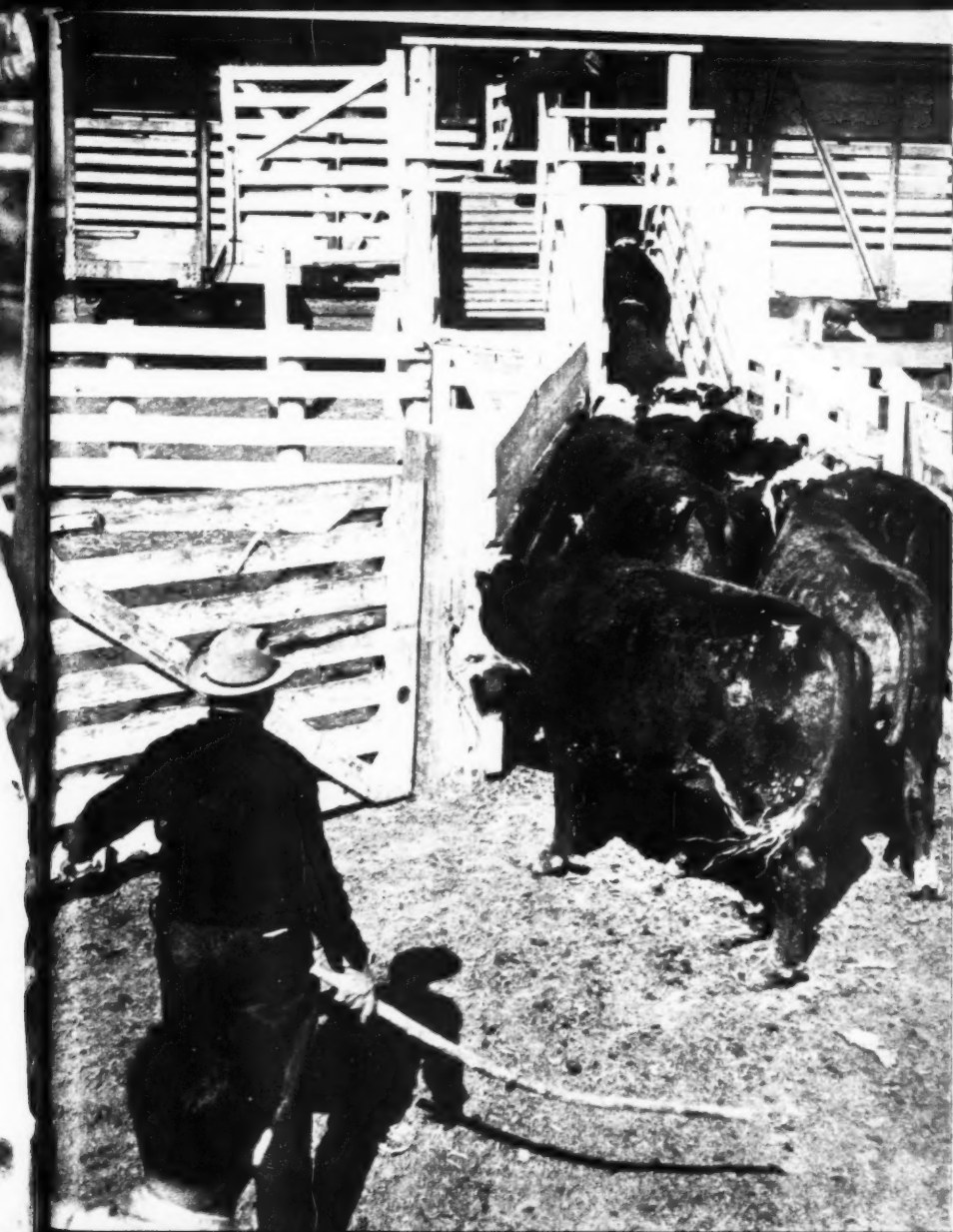
Slowly, from every wrinkle on the wide horizon, white-faced, cherry-red cattle are methodically brought together into the swelling river of the roundup. In a big country, this is the big day.



Chuck time! No white tablecloths or fancy trimmings, but good, solid food for hungry men. Then comes time for a song before the embers of the fire die and weary riders seek rest under the stars.



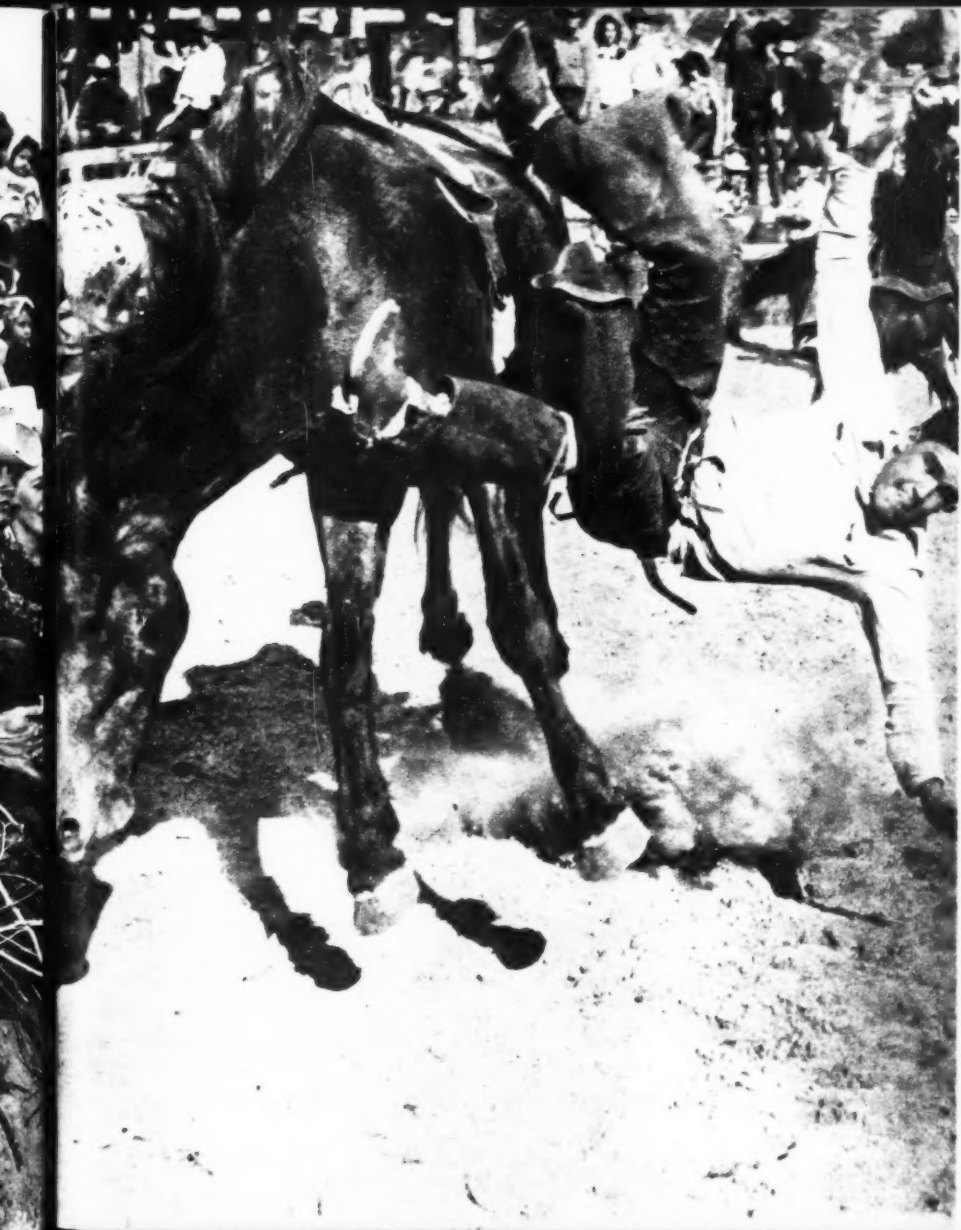
The fall is the peak of the rancher's year. Even with the speed-up of modern equipment and streamlined methods of handling, selection and shipping of cattle keep the ranch at fever pitch . . .



... and at every whistle stop in the vast reaches from the Mississippi to California, from Canada to Mexico, tens of millions of top-grade cattle are loaded for American and world markets.



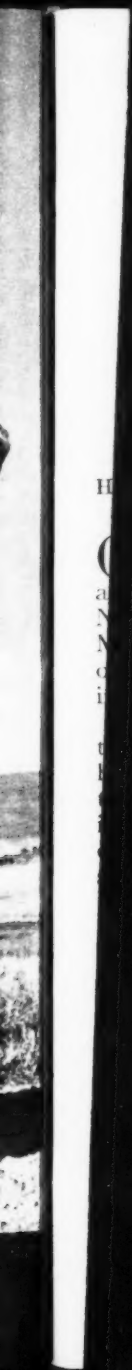
Action-packed rodeos are the World Series of the Cattle Country. The only major American sport based on the rugged, outdoor work of every day, its spectators are often postgraduate contestants.



Prize money, never large, is secondary to the hard-won title of top cowboy. Few riders can stand up long to the jolting impacts and plunging pace that spell short-lived rodeo glory.



This is the Cattle Country. Burned by sun and wind, the men who have made it legendary are simple, hard-working, restless—and always striving to extend their kingdom of herd, desert and sky.



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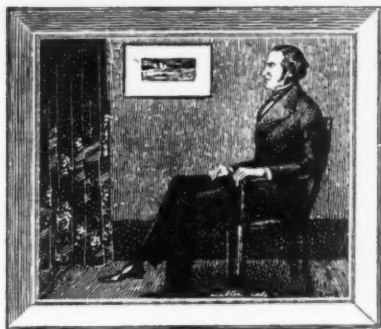
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# Who Ever Heard of WHISTLER'S *FATHER?*



by JOSEPH WILLARD BLAIR

He was once world-famous as an engineer, yet today he is almost a forgotten man

ONE OF THE WORLD'S most famous paintings is that study in black and gray which James Abbott McNeill Whistler called "Portrait of My Mother"—but which millions of admirers have insisted on labeling "Whistler's Mother."

While Anna Mathilda Whistler thus achieved enduring fame, her husband—Whistler's father—is virtually unknown. Yet George Washington Whistler was in many ways one of the most remarkable personalities of modern times.

As a West Point cadet in 1814, George Whistler first revealed the engineering talents which enabled him to pioneer in constructing what is today the world's greatest transportation system. Detailed to topographical duty with the Army in 1822, Whistler spent four years tracing the U. S.-Canadian boundary, between Lake Superior and the Lakes of the Woods. Later, the Baltimore & Ohio Company—toying with the idea of building a railroad—sent him to England to study that nation's rail system.

Returning home in 1829, Whistler drew plans for the B & O route and supervised laying the first track. Next, the Baltimore & Susquehanna Company borrowed him from the government to do the same kind of job for them. Then he moved on to aid the Paterson & Hudson River Railroad, today part of the Erie System.

Having risen to first lieutenant in the Army, Whistler now resigned his commission to become engineer to the proprietors of Locks & Canals at Lowell, Massachusetts. His first wife having died some years before, he married Anna McNeill, later to become the mother of an artist who immortalized her. It looked as if Whistler had settled down at last to a prosaic life in New England.

But thousands of miles away, Czar Nicholas I of Russia was dreaming of a railroad to run between Moscow and St. Petersburg. Having heard of the American engineering genius, in 1842 he invited Whistler to Russia. It was, in a way,

a royal summons to a command performance; but more than that, it was a challenge that Whistler could not fail to heed.

By horseback and on foot, the American surveyed the 420 miles of projected railroad line between the Russian cities. He mapped a route, he drew up plans, he estimated the cost: \$40,000,000. Then he started laying track. And as the shining rails began to creep across Russia, Whistler somehow found time for other projects.

He suggested improvements for the docks at Archangel. He drafted blueprints for the great metal roof on the Riding Academy in St.

Petersburg. He built the iron bridge over the Neva River. And—making use of his military training—he laid out the naval arsenal, docks and fortifications at Kronstadt.

But in 1848 cholera struck—and Whistler was a victim. He recovered from the attack, but was so weakened that he died of a heart ailment the following year.

Today, there are no famous portraits of George Washington Whistler. (His artist-son was a mere youth in 1849.) But perhaps the best tribute to this great engineer is not to say that he was "Whistler's Father," but rather that the great painter was "Whistler's Son."



### The School Brigade

FOR THREE NIGHTS father had struggled dutifully to help his little daughter unravel the puzzling arithmetic problems she had been given for homework. They were not making much progress.

"Daddy, it's going to be even worse next week," she warned him.

"What happens next week?" he demanded, his drooping spirit sinking to his boots.

"Next week," she said, "we start learning the dismal system." —Nuggets

"MARION," SAID LITTLE Marion's mother, "your Aunt Susan has a new baby. Now Mama is the baby's aunt, Papa is the baby's uncle, and you, my dear, are the baby's cousin."

"My goodness," exclaimed Marion, "wasn't that arranged quick!"

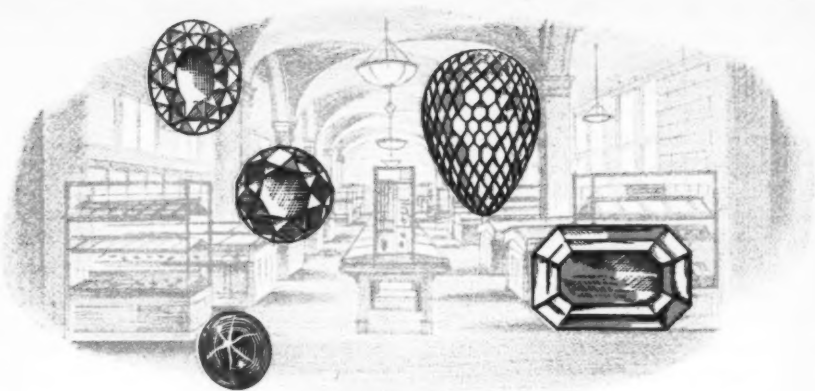
—LILLIAN NESSLAGE MYERS

HAVING ADVISED her small daughter that at dancing school she shouldn't dance silently—that talking to her partner was part of social grace—a mother noticed at her next visit to the dancing school that every time the music began the same little boy raced toward her daughter and grabbed her for his partner.

Somewhat pleased, but also somewhat startled, the mother asked her daughter on the way home why the same little boy always picked her.

"Oh, you mean Frankie," said the little girl. "I'm telling him a continued mystery story."

—HAROLD HELFER



## ANSWER MAN OF THE JEWEL WORLD

by MORT WEISINGER

**D**R. FREDERICK H. POUGH, a pocket-sized, balding scientist, is impresario of one of the most glamorous ice shows on earth. His arena is the fourth floor of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, where five days a week he tosses around precious rubies, sapphires and diamonds as casually as a bartender juggles ice cubes. For Dr. Pough (pronounced Poe) is curator of the Museum's internationally famous gem collection, a crowd-catching exhibit containing some of the most priceless stones ever stripped from terra firma.

During the war, the possibility of enemy bombers worried Pough, so he persuaded Museum officials to

Practically everyone takes his questions about gems to Dr. Pough, the curator of a New York museum's fabulous collection

let him store his rarer items in a subterranean bank vault. Once again such fabulous treasures went underground as the radiant 563-carat Star of India, largest star sapphire in the world; the Edith Haggin De Long Star, biggest and finest star ruby ever mined; the Midnight Star, a shimmering purple beauty of 116 carats once owned by J. P. Morgan; and the Morgenthau Topaz, a crystal sunburst the size of a roc's egg, cleft into 444 facets and weighing 1,463 carats.

Pough waited until three months after the war before he risked letting his stars twinkle again in the Museum's showcases. Photographers' flash bulbs flared as armored-car guards delivered the glittering hoard back into his custody. The most significant picture was one of Dr. Pough, mindful of a possible substitution in transit, warily examining an 87-carat Delhi-cut emerald through his jeweler's glass,

prior to letting it go back on exhibit.

The doctor's official title at the Museum is Curator of Physical Geology and Mineralogy. Lazare Kaplan, the lapidary who won renown for his precise cleavage of the 726-carat Jonkers rough diamond, rates him the world's leading expert on gems and minerals. So, apparently, does the Army.

After Pearl Harbor, when Manhattan Project scientists suddenly found themselves in urgent need of 20 pounds of "Mineral X," Pough was assigned to dig up the rare substance. Pretending to be on a Museum expedition, he combed South America and within ten days had unearthed a sufficient quantity.

Pough is the last word when it comes to identifying rocks of the ages. A scholar once challenged him to trace a diamond mentioned in *The Merchant of Venice*, described by Shakespeare as worth 2,000 ducats. Pough tracked it through history to "a great pointed diamond," lost by the Duke of Burgundy on the field of Grandson in 1476, where it was claimed by the Swiss victors.

Everybody pages Pough for advice. In a single day he may be asked to cooperate with U.S. Customs officials in cataloguing a catch of smuggled stones, help a mystery novelist devise a way for her villain to treat a genuine gem so that it could pass as an imitation, and appraise for a subway excavator a 12-pound garnet accidentally found in Manhattan's substrata.

**P**OUGH'S COLLECTION of minerals contains almost every known substance that the earth, quaking and erupting for a million years, has produced. His smallest exhibit is a

300-milligram pinch of Nevada mackayite. The largest specimen is a two-ton boulder of spinach-green jade from Silesia. And not to be sneezed at is a 596-pound chunk of sherry-yellow topaz from Brazil—the biggest such crystal ever found on this planet.

Also entrusted to Pough's care are priceless jewels which once studied the eyes of idols and adorned the heads and hands of kings, czars, tribal chieftains, Incas, rajahs, sultans and pharaohs. Most striking of these historical heirlooms is an assemblage of aquamarines, set in gold and haloed with brilliant diamonds, sapphires and garnets, the ceremonial trapping of a Vizier of Morocco of the 18th century.

The Museum endowment funds yield Pough only \$2,000 a year for new stones, so he is forced to shop at the penny counters of Ruby Row. Such parsimony has made him an inveterate bargain hunter.

In 1943, while Pough was visiting South America, a Brazilian dealer offered him what looked like a pair of fist-sized chrysoberyls. Pough could see that these huge chartreuse crystals were not chrysoberyls, and he knew that the dealer also realized they were not genuine. So, playing the role of a naïve tourist, he splurged \$1,000, half his yearly allowance, on the two strange rocks.

It was a shrewd investment. The crystals turned out to be the only existing specimens of a gem hitherto undiscovered by man. Colleagues suggested that the new mineral be named Poughite. Self-consciously, Pough declined the honor and christened the stone Brazilianite as a Good-Neighbor gesture.

In the main, Pough depends on



the bounty of millionaires to enrich his collection. Many of the rare stones at the Museum were originally presented by J. P. Morgan. Gathered for the financier by the late Dr. George Kunz, the collection was said to contain every variety of gem in the world.

When Museum officials catalogued the gift, however, they found no opals. Then they learned that Morgan, the powerful, fearless magnate, believed in the popular superstition that bad luck befalls the owner of an opal.

ALTHOUGH MORE THAN 50,000,000 persons have attended the Museum exhibit and wistfully wished for a souvenir, only once did a visitor attempt to fulfill that desire. The would-be thief visited the collection daily. Each time he would linger in front of the case containing the most negotiable stone in the house, an eight-carat diamond, and sneak a few slashes at the glass top with a cutting tool.

The potential purloiner had a quarter-inch of plate yet to file through when a guard spied his groundwork. The curator aborted the crime by transferring the stone to a new, foolproof case.

Pough has devoted most of his 42 years to collecting, classifying, polishing, exploiting and explain-

ing specimens of the mineral kingdom, from agates to zircons. At 12, he joined a Boy Scout troop in Brooklyn so that he could lead it on marathon hikes to the Jersey cliffs, where he showed his weary comrades how to pry masses of green prehnite from the quarries.

When Fred was 14, he dug up an Indian arrowhead in the Palisades. He spent a week polishing the relic, then offered it to the Museum of Natural History. The kindly curator, Louis P. Gratacap, explained that such arrowheads were run-of-the-mine.

Until then, mineralogy was only a hobby for the boy. Now, as he beheld the jewels in the Museum's showcases, he determined that some day he would be curator of the collection.

The first step was to study geology at Harvard. After graduation in 1928, he matriculated at the University of Heidelberg to study crystallography under the fiery German expert, Prof. Victor Goldschmidt. Soon, Pough was able to identify more than 500 different minerals at sight. Few mineralogists can command a better score.

Returning to America, he received his Ph. D. at Harvard, and stayed on as instructor in crystallography. After a few years of this, he decided the time was ripe to bid for his job at the Museum.

"I think I know more about minerals than anyone else in America," he modestly told Roy Chapman Andrews, the Museum's director, one day in 1935. "Give me a job here at \$75 a month for three months and I'll prove it to you."

Impressed with his earnestness, Andrews hired Pough as assistant

to Herbert P. Whitlock, curator at that time. His second week on the job, Pough asked for a raise. He got it. In 1940, when Whitlock retired, Pough became chief curator.

Dr. Pough's eminence as a jewel expert makes him the beau of every ball. At a social function, the fair sex, from hostess to hat-check girl, seek him out for free appraisals of jewelry. On more than one occasion, he has shocked his hostess by declaring her diamonds to be cheap paste baubles.

When he advised a Broadway stage star that her diamond engagement ring was not worth the price of the setting, her irate fiancé threatened to sue unless Pough revised his opinion. "Why, it must be a real diamond," said the actress. "It can scratch glass!"

Pough's rebuttal was dramatic. Smashing an empty beer bottle, he raked his initials across a near-by window with the jagged neck.

"So can a broken beer bottle!" he replied.

Perhaps the most amusing of Dr. Pough's talents is his ability to deduce a person's profession by examining the ring he wears. For example, a visitor once showed Pough a ring with a cracked opal setting.

The man complained bitterly that this was the third opal he had owned which had shattered for no apparent reason. Dr. Pough casually asked if he was in the refrigeration business.

The man gasped, then admitted that he managed a deep-freeze warehouse. "It was really a simple deduction," Dr. Pough explains. "Every gemologist knows that sudden changes of temperature will often fracture an opal. I recommended that the fellow change his occupation or his taste in stones."

Not long ago, another visitor solicited Pough's advice as to why a turquoise which he wore constantly had faded from sky-blue to yellowish green.

"You must be a barber," the curator diagnosed. "Turquoise stones change their hue when in contact with greasy liquids. Next time you give a customer a shampoo, take your ring off."

"Wait a minute," said the man, after pondering this information. "It's true that I am a barber. But how did you know? After all, I might be a dishwasher or cook."

"Elementary, my dear chap," said Dr. Pough, a twinkle in his eye. "Last Tuesday you cut my hair."

## Are You a Detective?

(Answers to quiz on page 120)

1. Left-handed; 2. Over left eye; 3. Right hand; 4. Murder; 5. Yes; 6. No; 7. Yes; 8. Yes; 9. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe; 10. No; 11. No.

Mrs. Monroe, convicted of first-degree murder, was spared the electric chair but was sentenced to life imprisonment.

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# Message from my Mother

by THE LATE CONGRESSMAN SOL BLOOM

How a noted American learned, early in life, to "listen to the whisper from God"



THERE IS AN ANCIENT saying full of comfort and hope—"One with God is a majority."

This truth was stamped upon my mind by my mother who, in the midst of poverty and hardship, was always sustained by faith in God. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the music of her voice as she strove to teach me.

"God is goodness, and truth, and right," she said. "You will be a man some day, and you will be

asked to do wrong. The wrong will be painted in bright colors. You will be in doubt, not knowing what is right and what is wrong.

"At that time, while you are in doubt, listen to the small voice in your heart. But God does not thunder to you. You will not see the truth flashed across the sky. God will whisper to your heart, 'This is right; that is wrong.'

"This whisper will be very faint, and your temptation will be very strong. If you do wrong, you will have company and support. If you do right, you will seem to be alone and deserted. You may even think you are losing your friends.

"But no, my son, you will not be alone. God will be with you. He is your friend. He is the Creator of truth itself. And with God standing with you in the right, you can win against all the world. Do not fear the struggle, my son—you are sure to win, for God and you together are stronger than those who would do wrong, even if they number in the millions.

"In all things, ask your heart, 'Which side does God choose? What does God wish me to do?'"

My dear mother! How often, through the years, have I heard that soft voice telling me: "Listen to the whisper from God."

# The Man with the Flying Auto



by CHARLES ROBBINS

A young inventor's versatile machine is at home both in the air and on the road

WHEN ROBERT EDISON FULTON, Jr., was a very young man, he went around the world on a motorcycle. In India, he encountered an American woman tourist in a Rolls Royce. She looked long at the motorcycle and then asked how he managed to cope with the hardships of such a journey.

"By using common sense," the young man said.

Fulton's motorcycling days are now ended. Entering his forties, he currently does his traveling in a flying automobile, which he himself produced and which is one of aviation's newest miracles. But to those who wonderingly ask him how he does it, he still gives the same old answer: "By using common sense."

Then the slight and wiry inventor may add: "It's simple enough. All you have to do is define your objective and then figure out the logical way of getting there."

The flying car, called the Airphibian, is a combination auto and plane. With wings in place, it flies; without wings, it is a convertible coupé. It was conceived some four years ago and, since then, has passed through the slow processes of birth. It is now going through the even slower processes of inspection by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Although, at the time this article was written, it had not yet received CAA's final blessing, it has gone into production in a plant at Danbury, Connecticut, which Fulton personally designed for its manufacture.

Since orders cannot be filled until CAA approval has been given, it is too early to tell what effect the Airphibian will have on modern transportation. But Fulton looks forward to the day when roads and sky will be alive with his creations, since, as he points out, the machine

was made for the specific purpose of correcting one of the worst features of modern travel.

That feature may be stated politely as follows: a lot of time a man may save through air travel is likely to be lost as soon as he lands, because airfields are inconveniently located and provisions for getting to and from them smack of the horse-and-buggy age.

Faced with finding a solution to this vexatious problem, Fulton invoked common sense. First of all, he invented a way to invent, which involved panel discussions with nine men, all of whom had been associated with him in developing wartime devices for the Government and all of whom had suffered from airfield delays.

Jointly they stated the problem. Then, turning to the objective, they decided what they wanted was a vehicle that you could fly, land and drive away in, without having to wait for busses or taxis.

As each man unburdened himself on the subject, the various points were put on paper. The papers eventually became a book, and the book in turn became a contract, duly signed by the conferees. Everyone had his say, and none could arise later and declare that some suggestion of his had been slighted.

Thus was the flying automobile invented. Afterthoughts were included in the original blueprints, and experiments served merely as confirmation. Representing a triumph of common sense, the finished product is substantially the same as the first model.

But Fulton and his colleagues realized that their inexperience and

limited resources made them vulnerable to the kind of competition found in a field dominated by big business. The only way to fend it off until they were ready to deal with it, they concluded, was to proceed in secrecy.

After banding together under the unrevealing name of Continental, Inc., they began dickering for a piece of land adjoining the Danbury airfield. Since the land was owned by the city, they were forced to stand up in town meeting and tell what they were going to do. They said they were going to make aeronautical parts. They were asked: what parts, exactly?

"Well," they had to reply at last, "it's a secret. You'll just have to take us on faith for a while."

So Danbury took them on faith. A small building was set up, and the Continental men went to work behind locked doors. Everything they needed for the invention itself—engine parts, trimmings, gadgets—was bought indirectly, and then, likely as not, altered.

Later, when the machine was nearing completion, they would take it out at night and test it on the runway, with wings, fuselage and propeller in place. Road tests, for the stripped-down coupé alone, were held during the daytime on country lanes.

**B**EFORE ITS SENSATIONAL trial flight in the fall of 1946, the Airphibian—which looks pretty much like an ordinary small monoplane—never had been off the ground. But the men who had built it had no doubts of its airworthiness, and their faith was justified.

With Fulton at the controls, it

rose after a short run and cruised over Danbury at 120 miles an hour. When it landed in front of popeyed reporters, the pilot disconnected two locks as he sat in the driver's seat, and wings and fuselage came off in one piece. The turn of another lock released the three-bladed propeller. Then, leaving the flight component—which stands on small wheels of its own—tied down on the field, Fulton drove away in the cockpit, transformed into a convertible coupé.

The Airphibian's body is lighter than a Ford's. It has a rear-wheel drive and practically unlimited road speed (although, because of lightness, speeds over 45 m.p.h. are not recommended). In the air it will travel 400 miles on the 30 gallons of gas in its tank. It can carry the pilot, one passenger and 50 pounds of baggage.

After the day of unveiling, the Airphibian remained in comparative obscurity, awaiting CAA approval. Meanwhile, as in the case of the man who built the better mousetrap, people began beating a path to Fulton's door. Many of them were surprised to learn that he had been trained not as an aeronautical engineer but as an architect. His career, they thought, had taken a strange twist. But actually, the chief force in his life has always been common sense.

Fulton was born in New York City in 1909. After being educated in Eastern private schools, he studied architecture at Harvard and the University of Vienna. But by the time he was ready to begin practice, the depression of the 1930s had set in, so he decided to

start around the world on his motorcycle.

Two years later he returned, carrying 40,000 feet of movie film exposed along the way. The film led, logically, to lecture engagements, and then to a public-relations job with Pan American Airways. Somehow, among these activities, he managed to marry a girl named Sally Coburn, who also gets around on horseback, aboard sailboats and in planes (now she prefers the Airphibian).

Working for Pan American, Fulton developed into a movie technician, and became so interested in sound-track work that he quit his publicity job and joined a company specializing in radio disks. There, but for his cousin, A. C.

Travis, he might have remained.

Travis, in order to teach himself to fly without suffering the usual discomforts, had invented a device called the Aerostructor, which gave a student the illusion of flight while sitting quietly in a chair. Sound film, projected onto a screen in front of him, created the illusion.

Together, Travis and Fulton perfected the machine and offered it to the War Department. As a primary flight-trainer for aviation cadets, the Aerostructor lived up to expectations. Then, just before World War II, Fulton went to Washington to confer with the Special Devices Division of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics.

They said to him: "If you could convert your Aerostructor into a device to teach fixed aerial gunnery, you'd really have something. Think you could?"

Fulton, who had never heard of



fixed aerial gunnery, said sure. But Travis remarked gloomily: "You've sold them something we haven't got!" And with that he dissolved the partnership and became a flight instructor.

Fulton replaced Travis with another friend—electronic engineer Theodore N. Polhemus—and went ahead to attack the seemingly impossible. After nine months of working with rudimentary tools, they managed to turn the Aerostructor into the Gunairstructor.

The Navy liked the revamped machine, and by the spring of 1943 it was in production in half a dozen buildings around Washington. Before the war ended, the government had put \$6,000,000 into Fulton's pockets for the devices and then—since the company was capitalized at a mere \$15,000—removed most of it in taxes.

Always on the go to install and service machines, Gunairstructor field men traveled mostly by air in company planes. When they would return to Washington for refresher courses, they complained about delays encountered at airfields, pointing the way for Fulton's next step, the Airphibian.

By now, he and his associates are so confident of success with the Airphibian that they have begun referring to ordinary aircraft as "non-roadable planes" and to ordinary cars as "nonflying autos."

"People nowadays are tending to live farther and farther away from their places of work," Fulton points out. "Yet just think how this will simplify things. A man, whose home is in the suburbs or the country, gets up in the morning, hops into his Airphibian and drives to the nearest airfield—or, for that matter, to any good field. There he fits on the wings and fuselage, and takes off for town.

"At the city airport he sheds his flight component and drives easily to his office. There is no delay anywhere along the line. And, of course, it works just as well for the man who lives in the city and works in the country."

This is not an academic point with Fulton, for he practices what he preaches. Living in Newtown, Connecticut—15 miles from Danbury—he commutes to work every day in the Airphibian.

"It's the common-sense way of getting there," he says.

## Tee for Two

THE GOLFER stepped up to the tee and drove off. The ball sailed straight down the fairway, leaped onto the green and rolled into the hole. The golfer threw his club in the air with excitement.

"What have you suddenly gone crazy about?" asked his wife, who

was trying to learn something about the game.

"Why, I just did a hole in one," yelled the golfer, a wild gleam of delight in his eyes.

"Did you?" asked his wife placidly. "Do it again, dear, I didn't see you."

—The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest, by H. V. PROCHNOW; copyright 1942 by HARPER & BROS.



## THE WORLD HEARS

**T**HE STATE DEPARTMENT'S Voice of America faced a big assignment in the spring of 1948. It had to broadcast to the Italian people on the eve of their election, and attempt to show them why the American way of living is more acceptable than Communism.

Finding a story that would give a true picture of America as a land of opportunity was not easy. When finally the right story was found, the Department considered it such an outstanding example of Americanism that it was broadcast not only to the Italian people, but since has been beamed in other languages to other nations.

The broadcast is the life story of Walter Edwards, a 56-year-old successful businessman of Oklahoma City. When he was 14, Edwards

helped his father on a small farm. He could read and write only a little, yet he dreamed of a business of his own, and money to help other poor people.

In 1921, he went to the city and landed a job in a junk yard at \$9 a week. Carefully Edwards budgeted his small salary, each week laying aside something for the future.

Two years later, he bought a horse and wagon and went into the junk business himself. Out of every dollar profit, a few pennies were saved for bigger things. The first of these was the Minor Baggage and Transfer Company, which he purchased. Then, as his profits grew, Edwards invested in the Economy Carpet Cleaners, and later in the Enterprise Iron Foundry.



## AN AMERICAN STORY

However, something was wrong. Edwards knew he should be making more money than his books showed. So he asked a young widow, Frances Gilliam Waldrop, an ex-teacher who had gone into the construction business, if she could solve the riddle. Promptly she straightened out his accounts.

In 1931, Edwards married the young widow and went into the construction business himself. Years later, he built the "Edwards Addition" in Oklahoma City—a development of 500 homes for Negroes in moderate circumstances.

Edwards was happy: he was helping individuals poorer than himself. However, few people would ever have heard of Edwards and his dreams if his wife hadn't fallen ill three years ago and

gone to Mayo Clinic for treatment.

There, she began thinking about people poorer than herself who could not afford hospital care. Soon she and her husband were talking about an Edwards Memorial Hospital.

Today, that 105-bed hospital is serving everyone, regardless of creed, race or color. Frances and Walter Edwards contributed most of the funds. At last, the dreams of a farm boy have come true.

That is the story the State Department broadcast to the world to show how anyone in America can succeed, with determination and effort. Actually, it is a very familiar story—except for this one big fact. Frances and Walter Edwards are Negroes.

—STANLEY J. MEYER

# 25 Doctors for Every Patient



by PAUL D. GREEN and CLIFF COCHRANE

An enlightened New York experiment in social medicine makes the finest of health care available to the average man

**H**ENRY RIEGER is a 55-year-old, ruddy-faced, painter foreman of a housing project in the Bronx, New York. He has been married 18 years, has three children and earns \$4,000 a year.

Henry belongs to the AFL Painters and Paperhangers Union, which signed a contract with the Health Insurance Plan (HIP), a group medical-insurance program which provides medical care to subscribers even when hospitalization is unnecessary.

Henry decided to register at a group center, his privilege as an HIP member. Accordingly, he called up the Montefiore Medical Group Center, where the secretary suggested that he drop in for a visit, select his family doctor and undergo a physical checkup.

"But I'm too busy to take time for a checkup," Henry protested.

"That's just the point, Mr. Rieger!" he was told. "You are busy, and therefore you can't afford to be laid up later by illness."

In a few days, Rieger appeared at Schiff Pavilion, group center of famed Montefiore Hospital and the only unit affiliated with HIP which is an integral part of a large hospital. Opened in January, 1948, it provides complete medical facilities for more than 5,000 members of HIP who live in the Bronx and lower Westchester.

The secretary handed him a list of physicians' names. "You can pick any one of these seven general practitioners," she said. "He'll be your 'family doctor' from now on."

"I heard that Dr. Donald McGregor is good," Henry said.

"They are all excellent," the secretary replied. "But I'll make an appointment with Dr. McGregor for you."

Rieger entered the large, cheerful waiting room. Why, this isn't like a clinic at all, he thought. No hard wooden benches like those you find in so many clinics; no long lines of patients.

It seemed only a few minutes before his name was called. A nurse ushered him into a spic-and-span consultation room down the hall. There, a sandy-haired, youngish

man arose and extended his hand.

"I'm Dr. McGregor," he said pleasantly. "Now what seems to be the matter?"

"There's nothing wrong with me, Doctor, but I just thought I might as well have a checkup as long as I'm entitled to it."

"That's the right spirit. We stress preventive medicine here."

Dr. McGregor asked many questions, and finally learned that Henry had been having a "bit of stomach trouble."

"So?" said the doctor. "When do you usually get the pains?"

"Right after a heavy meal. But I take a little bicarb and that fixes it up fine."

Dr. McGregor gave Henry a thorough physical and fluoroscopic examination. Next, a laboratory technician took a blood count and made a urinalysis, blood serology, electrocardiogram and gastric analysis. Henry then returned to Dr. McGregor, who made an appointment for him to go across the street to the main hospital for X rays of the stomach and intestines.

After this, Henry returned to Dr. McGregor's office, with his history card filled out.

"Well, Mr. Rieger," the doctor said, after some deliberation, "here's the story—straight. I noticed a tenderness around your abdomen when I probed. This chart shows that the blood count indicates moderate anemia, the gastric analysis reveals a high degree of acid present, and the X ray revealed signs of a stomach ulcer. Mild indigestion indeed!"

Dr. McGregor prescribed a rigid diet for Henry, and some medicine. Rieger was told to report weekly

for a month, then at two-week intervals. By the end of two months his symptoms had almost disappeared, and he was well on the road to recovery.

Without this complete checkup and subsequent treatment, Henry would have gone on blithely relieving his indigestion with bicarbonate of soda. One day he might have collapsed with a hemorrhage. Or worse, the ulcer could have degenerated into cancer.

YOU CAN WELL IMAGINE yourself in Henry Rieger's shoes. Suppose it was you who needed medical attention? Could you go to a private doctor's office, have a thorough checkup, receive X rays and other laboratory tests, consult with an internal specialist and come back for six visits in two months—at a cost of about ten cents a day?

Most likely you would delay going to the doctor in the first place, as Rieger did, until you felt you had a condition worth spending money for. In any case, unless you belonged to HIP, your bill for just this series of treatments might have equaled one or two weeks' salary.

Even if you could afford it, how easily could you bring together the specialist and your family doctor to discuss your case? And would you be able to get as much as one hour's unstinted time from each of these hard-pressed men at each visit?

Rieger and the other 5,000 HIP members from the Bronx and lower Westchester have chosen the Montefiore group for whatever care they or their families need. They can have all manner of medical surveys made under the one roof. Besides the tests that Rieger had, there are



available to HIP members all the complicated tests which are necessary in modern medicine. There are 18 specialists for nose and throat, eye, internal medicine, pediatrics, physical medicine, allergy, surgery, dermatology, radiology, psychiatry, pathology, urology and orthopedics.

To round out this packaged medical plan, members are entitled to ambulance service and visiting nurse service, and may use the facilities of the hospital's Social Service and rehabilitation departments. Every conceivable type of ailment is treated, except tuberculosis, acute alcoholism, drug addiction and psychotic mental cases.

For all this, members pay monthly premiums ranging from \$1.21 for a single man to \$3.62 for a married man with three or more children. Their employers match this amount. If they must go to the hospital, their expenses are covered by the Blue Cross or some other hospitalization plan, to which they must also belong.

Montefiore signed up with HIP as a cooperating center in January, 1947. Today, HIP serves some 200,000 New Yorkers. Conceived by the late Fiorello LaGuardia, it is warmly supported by Mayor William O'Dwyer, and thousands of city employees were among its charter members. Typical of HIP's varied membership, Montefiore's center handles schoolteachers, firemen, po-

licemen, sanitation workers and other municipal employees, as well as groups of painters, carpenters, printers and white-collar workers.

During the first few months of operation, the Montefiore group had to be decentralized, functioning from the scattered offices of the staff physicians assigned to it. The disadvantages of this setup soon were overcome. Dr. E. M. Bluestone, director of Montefiore, pushed completion of the new Group Center vigorously, so that by July 1, 1948, the \$750,000 building, formerly occupied by staff physicians, had its first floor converted for the new assignment.

This experiment in social medicine was approved by the Board of Trustees at Montefiore, several members of which were enthusiastic enough about the project to contribute \$25,000 towards equipping the Medical Center. The Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation gave another \$25,000. HIP helped raise an additional \$75,000 to complete conversion and absorb deficits during the first two years of experimental operation. The New York Foundation gave \$25,000 of this money, and the balance of \$50,000 came from the Rockefeller Foundation.

The Center receives \$19.68 a year from HIP for each person, which has proven to be insufficient to meet operating costs. This was anticipated, however, since Dr. Bluestone figures that the center

needs 20,000 members before it can be self-supporting. Statistics have shown that, during any one year, about 80 per cent of the members avail themselves of the services. Only ten per cent need treatment for serious ailments.

MONTFIORE'S UNIT is spark plugged by 37-year-old Dr. Martin Cherkasky, who also directs the Home Care plan. "It is medical practice at its best," Cherkasky says, "and yet it maintains personal relationship between patient and doctor. It takes the sting out of sudden doctor bills for a person of modest income by spreading the expense over the years he is well. Consideration of his family life, his job and his financial status are all part of the treatment."

In this, Dr. Cherkasky supports the theories of Dr. Bluestone who, as the hospital's director, is responsible for the project. "We have put Montefiore quality to work here," he explains, "in order to make certain the success of the project.

"Advantages of the group center, both for the patient and doctor, are numerous," Dr. Bluestone points out. "From the patient's point of view, he now has to go to only one place instead of three or four. Service is bound to be superior to that which an individual practitioner in his private office can offer, because the staff has available in one location a full complement of diagnostic and therapeutic equipment.

"Who among our physicians can afford a 400,000-volt radio therapy machine?" asks Dr. Bluestone, "or our battery of audiometers, cardiographs, X-ray and encephalographic apparatus?"

Many doctors will prefer the group practice, Dr. Bluestone reasons, because they will have economic security and because they will be part of a group using every immediate available facility to get at the bottom of disease and to cure it, if possible. Moreover, a doctor working on an individual basis must make rather a large investment in office equipment — an investment which he saves as a member of a group practice unit.

From the patient's point of view, medical care will be available to more people at less cost in the group center because the staff is keyed to preventive medicine first, curative second. In order to get the center on a firm foundation and keep it there, their efforts must be directed to keeping people well. That is why all new members are urged to have a complete physical checkup.

The group idea has certain minor disadvantages, of course. Some people might resent having to give up their regular family physician. And you can only be a member under the present setup if you are employed by a company or group which has signed with HIP. Among others, this excludes domestics, farmers and storekeepers.

But the Blue Cross had some of these limitations when it started. It has since overcome them by signing up any organized group—union, fraternal organization, professional club—and individuals as well. In time, this same policy could spread to group centers.

Actually, Montefiore and the other centers of New York's HIP are by no means the only group units in the country. There are in existence today some 500 centers,

serving 5,000,000 people, and another 100 are being formed.

Most of these clinics are partnerships set up frankly for profit. Group practice does not mean the elimination of free enterprise in medical service. It may or may not operate on a nonprofit basis like HIP. Relatively few groups are actually tied in with prepayment insurance plans, offering a complete medical service program at a cost which may be higher than that of medical indemnity or reimbursement plans, but is low for its broad coverage.

There is no reason why the system of group practice can't be made available to more and more

people, particularly in urban areas. All that is required to set up centers are adequate hospital facilities, enlightened administrators and an ample supply of willing doctors.

A start toward wider coverage is already being made in the 500 clinics in the U.S. It would be fairly simple to inaugurate centers in every city of 100,000 or more and spread out gradually until 25 doctors are available for each patient, wherever local conditions permit. How soon your own community adopts group medical practice depends on your interest in it, the facilities available and the foresightedness of your leading citizens.

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# The 2,000,000 Words of LOWELL THOMAS

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW



A brisk but unassuming newscaster is one of the world's most prolific people

ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR of a Rockefeller Center building in New York, there exists one of the most remarkable word factories of our time. The machinery comprises two teletype machines, one teleprinter and seven typewriters. The syllable manufacturers are Lowell Thomas, two script writers and three secretaries.

Between them, this team produces some 2,000,000 words every year, a good deal of the output being composed for Thomas' radio news program. Over the Columbia Broadcasting System, he delivers two commentaries a night, five days a week. He speaks at 6:45 to the East and Midwest, and does another broadcast at 11 P.M. with a fresh script, beamed to hit the West Coast at 8. For this, he is paid \$10,000 a week by Procter & Gamble, the soap manufacturers.

Thomas, a man of brisk friendliness, precise enunciation and stentorian resonance, is probably paid more for splicing about current events than anybody in history.

Besides his radio dissertations, he does the verbal obligato for the Fox Movietone Newsreel, which has two editions a week, for which he receives \$1,500.

He also composes about ten articles a year for adventure magazines; turns out at least one book a year on such topics as *How to Keep Mentally Fit*, *Pageant of Romance* and *Stand Fast for Freedom*; and delivers about 20 lectures during the lecture season at \$2,000 each.

Not content with all these activities, Lowell Thomas and his henchmen during 1947-48 completed a 900,000-word *Story of Mankind*, a history of the world told through the biographies of its 320 most significant men. For this, Thomas has already received a \$35,000 advance from the P. F. Collier Publishing Company. Thomas has long since exceeded even such a prodigious word-smith as novelist Alexander Dumas, who turned out dozens of books with the assistance of a corps of ghost writers.

Thomas has spoken over the air

for so long that he has become a fixture, like a radio tube. Yet he relishes a sort of institutional obscurity. Since 1936, he has refused to give interviews, has shunned publicity. All in all, his continuing popularity baffles students of what is known as the radio game.

Thomas neither views with alarm like Winchell nor views with gaiety like Heatter. He doesn't offer social messages or uplift. He isn't profound or ponderous. He never gives the impression that he has inside information, like Drew Pearson. Yet his rating as a newscaster has consistently been either first, second or third over the years.

"Tommy," says one of his associates, "is a guy who makes the listener feel that he doesn't know more than the listener. You figure he's a regular fellow, just like yourself—with the one advantage that he happens to be near a news wire."

Now 56, Thomas is a trim, energetic man who carries on the active athletic program of a youth of 25. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has small, shrewd blue eyes, set in a lean, bony face. He has a small moustache and an amiable smile, and is constantly on the move.

During the year, he probably delivers no more than 50 talks from the CBS studios in New York. Usually he gets the rough scripts from his Rockefeller Center office, either at his home in Quaker Hill, New York, or at a skiing resort. Thomas is one of the most fanatical skiers in the country, although he did not take up the sport until he was 42. From December until May, he rarely gets out of his ski boots except when he goes to bed.

At home, he skis six hours a day when the snow is right. He also travels constantly, in response to bulletins that the snow is packed just right—in Canada, Vermont or New Hampshire. Continually he is organizing ski expeditions for parties of friends or lecturing to raise money for the National Ski Patrol System, a volunteer group that rescues persons who fracture bones while skiing.

In between times, Thomas acts as a sort of tribal chieftain to a settlement of some 300 persons on Quaker Hill, an oblong plateau on the New York-Connecticut border which boasts lakes and trout streams and rolling hills.

His fervent love for this rural paradise led him into promoting Quaker Hill as the ideal spot for New York City cliff dwellers. As with skiing, he felt that all his friends and acquaintances must share the glories of the Hill. So, in order to rescue the primeval forest from the hands of real-estate developers, Thomas, in 1936, bought 4,000 acres from the Fred F. French estate. From then till now, Thomas has poured some \$500,000 into making Quaker Hill one of America's unique communities.

He has built new houses. He has redecorated old houses. He has spent \$25,000 on an 18-hole golf course and \$5,000 having sand carted in to make a lake beach for children. He has cleared hundreds of miles of horseback trails, put up a baseball diamond and a ski tow. Residents include political leaders, judges, advertising executives, bankers, writers and publishers.

Near the highest point of Quaker Hill, Thomas has built a Commu-



nity House, where Saturday-night dances or parties are staged—followed by entertainment or a brief talk given by one of Thomas' friends. Among those who have spoken or entertained are Herbert Hoover, James Melton, Robert Montgomery and Lanny Ross.

The most interesting Community House item is the giant fireplace, composed of stones with historical or anthropological interest. The stones, measuring 25 feet from floor to ceiling, are called "The Monuments of Man." On the lowest level are prehistoric relics. Then there are pieces from the Wailing Wall, the Washington Monument, Hitler's Reichschancellory, the English House of Parliament, the Sphinx, the North and South Poles.

Ripley sent him a Mayan image. The late Al Smith brought a slab of marble from the Empire State Building and personally cemented it. Henry Kaiser, who built the Grand Coulee Dam, contributed a sample of the dam and officiated at the stone-laying ceremonies. Nelson Rockefeller supplied a piece of Rockefeller Center. One of the rarest minerals is a piece of the Taj Mahal, a gift of former Ambassador William Pawley.

When Thomas moved to Quaker Hill in 1926, most of the old Quaker families had drifted away, and much of the land was not being cultivated. He stirred the Hill out of its somnolence, and trebled its

population. Today, Thomas pays a formal call on every new resident, and if he discovers the new family isn't taking advantage of the recreational facilities of the Hill, he becomes disturbed.

His first extracurricular project at Quaker Hill was The Nine Old Men, a now-celebrated team of softball players that has included such worthies as Eddie Rickenbacker, Jimmie Doolittle, Gene Tunney, Colonel Stoopnagle and James Melton. The idea took shape in the sultry August of 1933, when President Roosevelt was summering at Hyde Park, together with his Brain Trust and several hundred newspaper correspondents. Thomas invited the crowd over to the Hill to cool off. About 100 showed up, and soon a softball game was under way.

From then on, the teams competed regularly. For a time, the Quaker Hill team had no name, but when Roosevelt tried to enlarge the Supreme Court, Thomas named his group The Nine Old Men. When the White House took the field next week, they wore shirts emblazoned The Roosevelt Packers.

Thomas lives at the north end of the Hill in a 26-room Georgian mansion. Over the years, he has dabbled in various kinds of farming, and lost one of his many shirts in a large dairy establishment. Likewise, he has tried raising fur-bearing animals, and currently has about 1,000 mink and foxes under cultivation. Thomas also likes to invest in unusual industrial projects.

"Just come to Tommy with plans for a helicopter factory, or oil wells, or gold mines, and he's a sucker for it," says an associate. "As for a ski-

lift, he'll put money into one, any time, any place."

Thomas, who is instinctively gregarious, loves people—all kinds of people. Although his immediate family consists only of his wife and a son, he usually manages to fill his mansion with guests. The scope of his friendships is remarkable. He knows literally thousands of men and women, ranging from obscure Arctic explorers and Afghan chieftains to political leaders like Churchill and de Gaulle.

Aside from his effervescent personality and knack of narrating a good story, the secret of Thomas' friendships is that he is probably the least-opinionated person alive, something hard to believe in a radio commentator. He never intrudes his viewpoints into a discussion. As one friend says:

"If you showed Tommy a glass of milk and asked him if it was black or white, he'd probably tell you an anecdote about Pasteur."

Although presumably an expert on issues of the day, Thomas steadfastly refuses to be a political pundit. He never analyzes the "news behind the news" for friends.

It is probably this noncommittal quality, which he carries over into his broadcasts, that makes Thomas so consistently popular in an age of thundering opinion-peddlers. Prosper Buranelli, his colleague for 20 years, says: "He has no opinions, and his only enemies are rattlesnakes, cannibals, Fascists and Communists." But even these he will rarely condemn outright.

Around 1:30 each day, Thomas calls his New York word factory and discusses the day's news with Buranelli. They rough an outline

of the 6:45 broadcast and, during the afternoon, while Thomas is out on skis or on the golf course, his amanuenses get busy.

Each broadcast is broken down into seven or eight events. Later in the afternoon, the segments are filed via teleprinter to Thomas' studio and office. His secretary then retypes the items and Thomas goes over them with a blue pencil, reshaping the words into his colloquial vernacular.

At about 6:44—still attired in ski outfit—he strides to his private microphone and is piped into the network at the right moment. The cueing in and out of New York is integrated so smoothly that no listener realizes that the announcer is 100 miles away when he feeds Thomas the cue for his familiar sign-off, "So long until tomorrow."

THE RESONANCE OF Thomas' voice, its depth and color and variety, are the envy of public speakers and even opera singers, who invariably are amazed when they learn that Thomas' only coaching was received from his father, a mine doctor in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

The parent, a fanatic on oratory, began to cultivate his son's voice and diction when Tommy was two years old. By the time he was ten, he could hold high-school audiences spellbound with speeches on "Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders" or "Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?"

At 18, he entered Valparaiso University in Indiana, then moved on to the University of Denver for his M.A. In his spare time he was a reporter on Denver papers. Next he studied at Chicago-Kent College of

Law, where his skill at public speaking so hypnotized the dean that he was put in charge of a class in forensics. During the summers, he made trips to Alaska to earn extra money with travel films.

In 1915, he turned up at Princeton to study constitutional law and annex a Ph.D. President John Grier Hibben invited him to join the faculty. A year later, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane decided to launch a "See America First" campaign, since World War I had shut off travel to Europe. Somebody told Lane that Professor Thomas of Princeton was an expert on Alaska. Lane was startled to find that "Professor Thomas" was a clean-shaven youth with a self-assured air.

The scholarly speakers on the program bored the audience with long, rambling speeches read from manuscripts. Then Thomas flashed his films on the screen and rattled off his Alaska speech—in swash-buckling, anecdotal style. The audience applauded for five minutes.

When America went to war, Lane remembered the Alaskan lecture and gave Thomas the assignment of compiling a cinematic history of America's fighting men. Thomas, with assistants, visited every fighting front, and even went through the lines to cover the German revolution of 1918.

Learning about General Allenby's campaign to recover Palestine from the Turks, Thomas hastened to the Holy Land with two cameramen and covered the battles that led up to the taking of Jerusalem. Then came the great adventure of his life—his meeting with the fabulous Oxford scholar,



T. E. Lawrence, who inspired the revolt of Arabian tribesmen against the Turkish and German armies.

Thomas broke down Lawrence's wall of reticence and got the whole dramatic story of an archaeologist who had turned guerrilla leader and won the Arabs' confidence.

Tommy returned to New York in 1919, determined not to resume his academic career. In April he rented the Century Theater and announced a series of lectures, with films, on every phase of the war. Of the seven lectures, only two—"With Allenby in Palestine" and "With Lawrence in Arabia"—drew capacity audiences, so after the second week these were the only lectures that he delivered.

Competing with top Broadway attractions, Thomas managed to fill the Century every night for three weeks. Then he took Madison Square Garden for six weeks and packed them in there. In the next ten years, he delivered his Lawrence of Arabia lecture—the same lecture with the same films—to audiences all over the world.

Meanwhile, in 1924, he had published *With Lawrence in Arabia*, which went into 30 editions, selling some 500,000 copies. Also at various times during these years, he went tiger hunting in India with the Prince of Wales, explored Afghanistan, traveled through the wilds of Australia and the Hima-

layan fastnesses of Upper Burma.

Then, in September, 1930, *The Literary Digest* offered to sponsor him on a five-a-week broadcast over CBS. Historically speaking, the first network commentator was H. V. Kaltenborn, in 1923. The second was Floyd Gibbons, whose machine-gun delivery brought him fame. But in those early days of broadcasting, when reception was poor, Thomas' stentorian diction came through more intelligibly, assuring him a permanent place in radio. In 1932, Thomas switched over to NBC for 15 years.

ON HIS FIRST BROADCAST, Thomas set the pattern of his approach to current events. Besides Buranelli, his scripters for that day included Ogden Nash, Dale Carnegie and five volunteers. Thomas uttered these prophetic words:

"Adolf Hitler, the German Fascist chief, is snorting fire. There are now two Mussolinis in the world, which seems to promise a rousing time. Adolf is one. He has written a book called the German Fascist Bible. In it, this belligerent gentleman states that a cardinal policy of his now-powerful German party is the conquest of Russia. That's a tall assignment, Adolf. You just ask Napoleon!"

Since then, a lot of words have flowed through his microphone and a lot of world-shaking history has been made, but through it all Lowell Thomas has managed to maintain equanimity. During the rousing New Deal years, so impartial was Thomas' approach to Roosevelt that listeners did not suspect that Thomas leaned to the Republican Party, or that he was a crony of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey.

In all his years of broadcasting, Thomas has lost his temper only once. In 1945, during a tour of Europe, he went on the air after inspecting the Nazi death-camp at Buchenwald. Listeners who heard that broadcast say that if Thomas wanted to he could be one of the most stirring orators of our day.

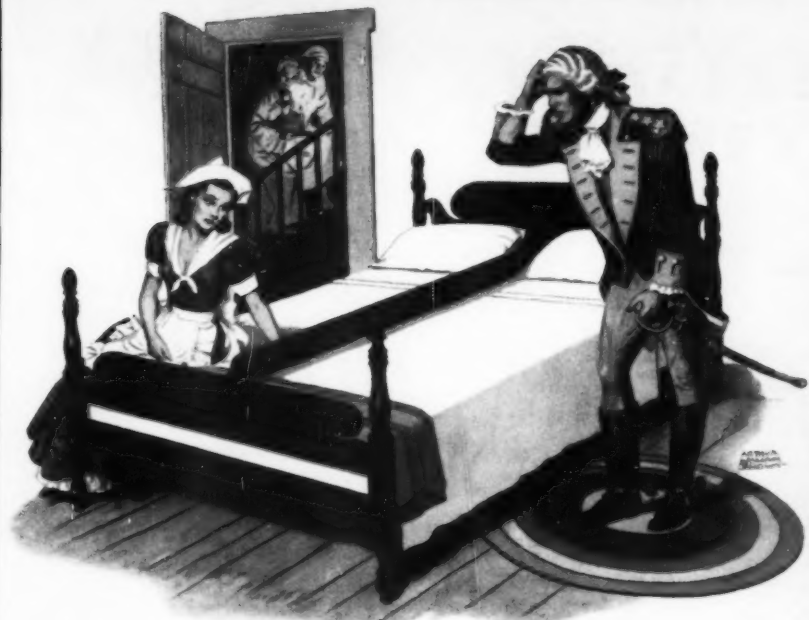
Proof of Thomas' impact upon his radio audience was offered in 1938 when Newcomb Carlton, chairman of the board of directors of Western Union, offered to transmit, free of charge, any telegrams that listeners might want to send to Thomas. Carlton expected a few thousand wires, at most. But 275,000 poured in, all filled with expressions of admiration for the Demosthenes of Quaker Hill.

One Nebraska listener summed up the relationship quite succinctly when she wired: "I like you."

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